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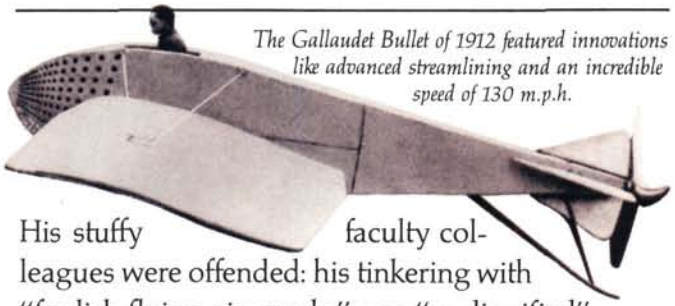

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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

OCTOBER 22, 1990

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FROM WASHINGTON

Docutrauma

It was hard to watch the Civil War series on PBS without thinking: *Please*, let's not have a war in the Persian Gulf. When I read in *The Washington Post* that local stores had been running out of blank videotape, I figured that Ken Burns's justly hyped documentary had given Saddam Hussein a good three extra months to come to his senses. I hope I'm right.

But there was a second reaction as well. The series would not have been as gripping if it merely portrayed the war as a hell of slaughter. There was also a sense of sharing in an epic drama, a sense that the actual participants on both sides had as well. For most of those who survived—and most did survive—the Civil War was the most important event in their lives. In fact, it was one of the main things that gave their lives meaning. The TV series emphasizes this. Almost its very first lines are a quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr.: "We have shared in the incommunicable experience of war. We have felt, we will feel, the passion of life to its top.... In our youths, our hearts were touched by fire."

This second reaction—almost of envy for those who lived through the Civil War—also has implications for the current foreign policy debate. Do we, as a nation, need great purposes in the world? Opposition to war in the Persian Gulf has been monopolized by a newly resurgent right-wing isolationism of the pre-World War II variety. Even before August 2, the innate American skepticism of "foreign entanglements" (George Washington) was being exploited by those who oppose not merely bloodshed but *any* "extra-national ideal" such as promoting democracy or ending hunger that "treats our Republic as a means to some larger end" (Patrick Buchanan).

The death of communism gives these conservatives a chance to complete the vision they are pleased to call "nationalism" but which is in fact a vision of a passive nation, both domestically and internationally. It is the job of society, through the government, to protect America from incoming missiles, to keep the streets safe and free of potholes, and to enforce norms of sexual behavior and expression. That's about it. They see nothing spiritually ennobling about larger national goals.

The desire to lay down the weary burdens of the cold war, and resentment over the refusal of wealthy allies to pull their own weight, are both legitimate. It is typical of the Democrats to have fumbled the issue of "burden sharing," which has been there for the taking for years. But the conservative isolationists retreat too far.

Americans want to live in history. They want their lives to have meaning beyond having lived, prospered amid family and friends, and died at a ripe age. To be sure, throughout history most people have gotten more history than they wanted: wars and other plagues that denied them the comforts of normal life. Part of America's blessing, emphasized by leaders since Washington, has been a geographical exemption from most of this kind of history. The Civil War is the great exception. But a hunger for history helps to explain our fascination with the Civil War.

Francis Fukuyama has been rightly mocked for declaring last year that history was over. But he was shrewd and correct to observe that without history, life would be boring. And he was honest to note within himself "a powerful nostalgia" for reasons to live "that called forth daring, courage, imagination, and idealism." The PBS Civil War series sent conflicting messages: war is hell, but struggling for a great cause (even the wrong cause) is grand.

One tremendously appealing thing about Israel, to Americans who visit there, is that here is a country full of people very much like us—modern, middle class, educated—who are nevertheless living in history. They don't have to waste time pondering the purpose of life. They are inventing a nation. And they are dramatically at risk every day, no matter how normal the day seems otherwise. We American visitors are hypocrites, of course: we could trade places, but don't. Still.

While today's Republicans seem to have no interest in anything between bellicosity on the one hand and national passivity on the other, the challenge and opportunity for Democrats is to find alternatives that satisfy both the craving for peace and the craving for crusade. Yes, William James and Jimmy Carter: the moral equivalent of war. This is what Democrats are sometimes pleased to call a "basic human need." There are extreme libertarians who want to privatize the potholes, who oppose national endeavor, foreign or domestic, as an infringement on individual freedom, and who are deeply suspicious of *any* talk of national purpose as potentially fascistic. But even they would find their lives quite empty if the great campaign they are dedicating themselves to were suddenly won.

Ronald Reagan did not mind treating our Republic as a means to some larger end. He understood that Americans like to have a sense of national purpose. Thus his endless references to America as "the last, best hope of mankind" and "a shining city on a hill." But Reagan refused to call upon Americans as individuals to do anything more than sit there and shine. George Bush, by inaugurating our biggest "foreign entanglement" since Vietnam from his golf cart at Kennebunkport, found the perfect expression of our hypocritical desire to be in history and eat it too. Unfortunately, the adventure he started probably can't be completed without interrupting the golf game.

There are missions for America in the world that don't require bloodshed. There are ways to feed the hunger for national purpose that neither recklessly ask for too much sacrifice nor fatuously ask for none at all. Democrats used to be good at this sort of thing. The Marshall Plan and the Peace Corps are two stellar examples.

The hunger for larger purpose is a refined appetite, arguably even a decadent one. The people of Eastern Europe are thrilled to anticipate a time when they can turn their backs on politics and enjoy the boredom and comfort of bourgeois life. But at the ends of their lives they will still look back on the struggles leading up to and following the year 1989, as Oliver Wendell Holmes looked back on the Civil War, as the great adventure of their lives. Will today's Americans have anything like that to look back on? Maybe the Persian Gulf. But let's hope we can find something better—more noble and less costly—than that.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

Coming:

Robert Kuttner on the economic apocalypse

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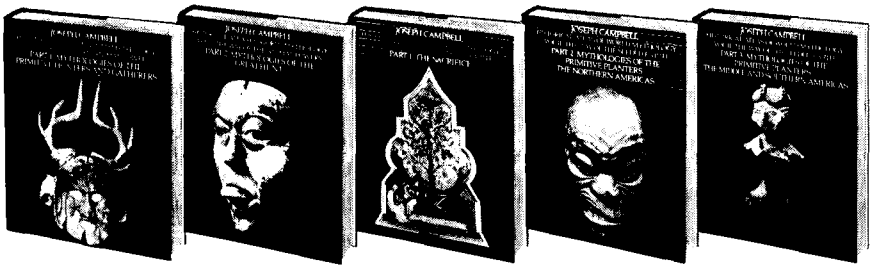

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CORRESPONDENCE

America's load

To the editors:

In your editorial "The Tie That Binds?" (October 1), you assure us that the "salient" Arabs would cheer an American bombing of Iraq, that the "savvier" Arabs would be thrilled with an American military strike. Is this like saying the "good" Arabs would be on our side?

Before we expend too much force patting ourselves on the back because Egypt and Saudi Arabia have agreed that Saddam Hussein is a danger to them, we should remember that President Mubarak has for many years been perceived by the vast majority of Arabs, even Egyptians, as an American stooge. As for Saudi Arabia, King Fahd and his family have been kept fat and happy on American oil deals for years. Are these the types of savvy Arabs you are talking about? Your editorial was a dangerous form of self-delusion. The Arab people—savvy, salient, or otherwise—would never, ever cheer American B-2s flying over their lands.

Finally, you castigate other nations for not joining in America's military buildup in the region. These nations are not pulling their load, you claim. What you forget is that it is basically an American load in the first place. America is the nation that for ten years has been searching for an excuse to impose a military presence in the Persian Gulf, and it has finally found one. America is the nation that has for years been cutting deals with corrupt monarchs and emirs for cheap oil at the expense of the Arab population. Our whining when all the nations of the world don't help us pay to support a dying, cruel system of rule smacks of self-righteous hypocrisy.

True, Hussein is a dangerous abuser of human rights. However, a panicked military strike, with the intent of replacing the "rightful" government of Kuwait, would be nothing short of disaster. And a long, hot, ugly disaster at that.

MYKAL MAYFIELD BANTA
Jersey City, New Jersey

Defense mechanisms

To the editors:

Regarding Pat Choate's *Agents of Influence* ("The Nefarious East" by Michael Kinsley, TRB, September 24): if Japanese firms spend more on lobbying than other foreign firms, it is not because they are venal. Since we have singled out the Japanese for exceptional and hostile attention (leading to the imposition of voluntary export restraints on Japanese, not German or French, autos), this has necessitated their greater engagement in the totally legitimate—and entirely American—process of explanation, defense, and negotiation, which makes Washington lawyers and lobbyists rich men.

It is ironic indeed that those whose Japan-bashing has produced the necessity for Japan to incur outlandish lobbying expenses should now cite those expenses as grounds for indulging in yet another round of Japan-bashing.

JAGDISH BHAGWATI
New York, New York

The writer is the Arthur Lehman professor of economics at Columbia University.

Clean genes (cont'd.)

To the editors:

Now that the dust has settled, I would like to throw my proverbial two cents into the matter of Robert Wright's "Achilles' Helix" (July 9 & 16). I am also responding to David Drubin's September 3 letter to the editor ("Clean Genes").

Drubin characterized Wright's description of my brother David Botstein's role in the human genome project as "extremely unfair." Wright was not unfair but simply wrong. My respect for the veracity of TNR's reporting is such that I would hesitate to leave this perhaps small stone unturned.

I am not a scientist, and I am as subject to sibling rivalry as anyone else, so this defense of my brother is certainly not sentimental. When my brother participated in the "compromise" of 1987, he was on his way out of MIT to take a job at Genentech. He could not have participated in any "pork-barrel politics" simply because he would not have been eligible for any kind of large grants. Wright implies that David accepted the compromise because of some strategic judgment that the compromise would be useful to him, presumably at Stanford, where he is now. But in 1987, when David was entering the private sector, the idea of Stanford didn't exist, making moot the entire issue of grant-getting.

The problem with Wright's reporting, therefore, is twofold. He manufactured an explanatory logic that does not fit the chronology or the facts. Second, as the recent book *Genome* amply makes clear, it is not in David's character to be indirect or devious. His enemies and friends alike know that this kind of shrewd maneuvering and back-room-style juggling is completely out of character. My brother is, I believe, a scientific genius, but he is no politician. In short, Wright's explanation is clever but wrong and, frankly, a touch insulting.

Among other things I respect about David is his almost excessive commitment to saying precisely what he thinks and his ruthless distaste—often to his own detriment—for the kind of maneuvering and thinking that Wright imputes to him. Compromise is not David's long suit, which leads me to believe that he did what he did because he thought it was the right thing to do without any regard for his own advantage. In this way, Wright had underestimated my brother's arrogance, which is to say that David believes that the sheer merit of what he does will, as it should, command the respect and support it deserves.

LEON BOTSTEIN
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

The writer is president of Bard College.

Robert Wright replies:

Leon Botstein says his brother David's change of heart about the genome project after it was expanded to encompass his line of research couldn't have been an example of pork-barrel politics, because while at Genentech, a private company, David was not eligible for "any kind of large grants." Wrong. Several genome grants of more than $250,000 have already gone to private-sector researchers, and the genome project's five-year plan states that private companies are also eligible for the soon-to-be-awarded "research center grants," which are typically worth millions. Besides, even if David had been eligible for *no* grants while at Genentech, that wouldn't refute the charge of pork-barrel politics; surely a "scientific genius" is capable of imagining that at some point during the fifteen-year genome project he might be working at a university, and might then seek a grant. And indeed, David Botstein has now gone to Stanford and applied for one of those big research center grants. (Actually, none of the above, strictly speaking, is relevant to Leon Botstein's charge that I was not merely "unfair" but "simply wrong." I never made any allegations about David Botstein's motives. I just reported that other people—critics of the genome project, I noted—were making them. Of course, had the allegations been transparently implausible, I would have been unfair—not inaccurate—in reporting them. But they weren't, so I wasn't.) •

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

OCTOBER 22, 1990

RAW DEAL

If all one had to go on were the howls emanating from Newt Gingrich and his fellow incendiaries of the Republican right, one would have to conclude that the budget negotiators from Congress and the administration have repealed the self-styled Reagan revolution, imposed confiscatory tax hikes on America's entrepreneurs, and handed over the keys of the federal Treasury to Mario Cuomo. "I think it's a cave-in to the liberal Democrats," shouted Representative Dana Rohrabacher, the California ultra.

We wish we could agree. But if anyone has just cause to complain about the budget deal, it is Joe Sixpack, especially if he has aged parents and drives less than a spanking-new car some distance to work. Since it is supposed to be the business of Democrats to look after Joe and his brood, Democrats are the ones who ought to be groaning—as, indeed, some of them are.

Just look at the numbers. Defense, appropriately, accounts for the biggest single chunk under the agreement—about $170 billion of the $500 billion to be realized over five years. Operation Desert Shield will be unaffected by the defense cuts, which are in line with those recommended by Sam Nunn's Senate Armed Services Committee. All the next-biggest items hit the middle class hardest—$74 billion in excise taxes, including $56.8 billion on gasoline and $16 billion on alcohol and cigarettes, and $60 billion from Medicare benefits. Taxes on the rich—an excise on luxury purchases and a limit on deductions for those making more than $100,000 a year—come to just $20 billion. And $12 billion in new tax breaks for corporate research and investment will mainly go to the wealthy. What does all this mean for individuals? Well, according to a government document leaked to *The New York Times*, low-income folks will get a tax break of less than 4 percent. Everybody else will pay more; but the burden will not be distributed according to people's ability to bear it. The tax bills of people making between $20,000 and $50,000 a year will go up by around 3 percent, those of people making between $50,000 and $100,000 will go up by 2 percent, and those of people in the $100,000-$200,000 income range will go up by 1.5 percent. As for the indisputably rich—those reporting incomes of more than $200,000 a year—they are to be hit with a whopping increase of . . . three-tenths of 1 percent. This is not a fair deal, especially in view of the record of the past ten years, when huge gobs of income were redistributed via the tax system from lower- and lower-middle-income Americans to those in the highest-income brackets.

So the best that can be said of the budget deal is that it is better than no deal at all. The budget negotiators' first responsibility was to come to an agreement that would reduce the federal deficit (estimated at $295 billion this year) and prevent automatic cuts under the Gramm-Rudman law, which would have shut down the government and indiscriminately slashed $100 billion from programs good and bad, almost certainly shoving the economy into deep recession.

The budget process was messy, running right up to the very brink of fiscal meltdown, and the results are far from ideal—politically as well as morally. Still, the agreement burdens the stumbling 1990 economy far less than Gramm-Rudman would have, reducing spending and raising taxes by just $34.4 billion this year. It also gives the Federal Reserve Board chairman, Alan Greenspan, an excuse to cut interest rates, potentially easing the threat of recession. The agreement should have taken more from the rich and less from the middle class. Yet choices had to be made, and taxes on gasoline, cigarettes, liquor, air fares, and high-priced cars, furs, and jewels are far better than program cuts in education and child nutrition.

There's another bright side to this deal, if the Democrats have the wit to see it. It gives them the dynamite with which to explode the fiscal fraud upon which the Republicans have battened these last ten years. According to the Reagan-Bush gospel, the U.S. government should have had a balanced budget years ago, yet without this deal the deficit would have been $295 billion and still will be $254 billion.

Again according to Reagan-Bush dogma, citizens of every income group were going to prosper from the tax cuts and deregulation of the 1980s. The evidence is now

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in: for the rich, incomes surged upward (by almost $200,000 per year for the highest-income 1 percent of the population) and taxes went down, while for the poor, tax burdens went up (because of Social Security increases) and both incomes and government benefits went down. For the poorest tenth, real after-tax income fell from $4,800 to $4,200 per year—a 12.5 percent drop.

The Reagan-Bush theory—never openly admitted—was that the wealthy would use money more wisely than the poor, saving it and investing it rather than spending it. This didn't happen. The real Reagan-Bush legacy is rampant borrowing and mounting debt, topped by the crushing half-trillion-dollar tab for savings and loan bailouts, which will be paid by taxpayers according to the same inequitable formulas that have soaked the poor over the last decade.

And beyond his complicity in the disasters of the Reagan era, Democrats have a right to blame Bush, as president, for preventing orderly and fair repair of the damage. For eighteen months the administration held to the president's irresponsible "no new taxes" pledge, preventing action to reduce the deficit when the economy was still strong. And even after Bush abandoned that position, he kept up his obsessive demand for a reduction in capital gains taxes, which would have larded more benefits on the wealthy without stimulating new investment and employment.

Democrats managed to block a capital gains cut and to gain attention—at long last—for the principle of tax equity. But they spent so much political energy fighting Bush's bad new idea that they were unable actually to remedy past injustices. The Democrats had to abandon proposals to cut Social Security taxes and to eliminate the income tax "bubble" that gives the wealthiest taxpayers a rate of 28 percent instead of 33 percent. They also had to give up any hope for large-scale spending on health care, education, and public works. The Republican right's idea that the budget deal was a cave-in to liberal Democrats is preposterous. It is also an abomination.

What is equally abominable—but not at all preposterous, alas—is the likelihood that the political fallout from the budget process will favor President Bush and the Republicans. Bush will claim that he sacrificed his most cherished goals—"no new taxes" and the capital gains cut—in order to save the economy. He will claim that the rage of the Gingrich crowd only proves his moderation and sense of dedication. He will claim that he showed leadership by convening a budget summit that produced agreement, and by forcing its pace with political speeches threatening to pin failure on the Democrats. The Democrats right now aren't challenging these claims. They are too terrified of the anti-incumbent fever seemingly sweeping the nation.

Not a bit of this is fair, but it won't correct itself. It's up to the Democrats to make the point that George Bush is the incumbent president, having previously been the incumbent vice president. "No family, no nation, can continue to do business the way the federal government has been operating and survive," Bush himself noted in his October 2 televised pitch for the budget compromise. Just so. And for a decade "the way the government has been operating" has been the responsibility of him and his party. If the public wants to throw some rascals out, it ought to start with the Gingrich gang, who want still more of the inequities that got us into the mess we're in. But it shouldn't stop there. In a midterm election, the party in control of the White House traditionally suffers losses. Big losses this year would send a salutary message to Washington.

NOTEBOOK

BUSH AND BULL: Does George Bush understand what George Bush is doing in the sands of Saudi Arabia? At the United Nations last week, the president's account of his objectives in the Gulf was breathtakingly bizarre. He recounted the rape of Kuwait by Iraq, announced that "it is Iraq against the world," reminded his audience of Iraq's "genocidal poison-gas war" against its own Kurds. He delivered, that is, a keen feeling for the extent to which Saddam Hussein is an international emergency—and then announced that the objective of the greatest American deployment of military force since the Second World War is not to end this emergency, but to bury it under what the president called "a diplomatic outcome." This "solution" consists of an Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait ("unconditional," the president thundered adjectivally, perhaps under the influence of PBS's miniseries about Grant and Lee the previous week), followed by "new arrangements for stability" in the region, followed by a settlement of "the conflicts that divide the Arabs from Israel." No mention of a cure for cancer, at least. If these are really Bush's aims, then he has swindled his every soldier and his every ally. How will an Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait affect Saddam Hussein's military machine and his joy in using it? Is the president aware that the objectives he listed are precisely the terms of the Iraqi offer that his own administration has already refused—a negotiated settlement with Kuwait followed by a negotiated settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict? And what does the Palestinian question have to do with the Iraqi seizure of Kuwait? Such a linkage is not only demagoguery, it is Iraq's demagoguery. It is, in truth, Hussein's ace in the hole, his likely instrument of weakening the purpose of the American and Arab forces arrayed against him; and the president is playing his ace for him. Bush's assurances to Israel the week before last looked rather wan on the bank of the East River last week. Presumably he will now reassure the Israelis about his reassurances. Presumably he will also reassure his Arab allies that they are not being tricked into reason about the Arab-Israeli conflict. They, the Saudi foreign minister especially, protested in the wake of Bush's speech that thank you very much, but

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they have no intention of allowing their common interest with Israel to interfere with their war against Zionism. "The truth is," the president pronounced, "people everywhere are motivated in much the same ways, and people everywhere want much the same things." That should stand as a canonical statement of American simplicity in foreign policy. The truth is that particular states and particular societies have particular histories and particular dreams, and neither the National Security Council nor the Marines can do anything about them. Bush had better get real. A diplomatic solution is not a solution, except for Saddam Hussein. For him, a diplomatic solution means a chance to play another day. In Baghdad, Bush's speech must have lifted many besieged spirits.

BIG BROTHER BILL: Though often overshadowed by Jesse Helms and Bill Dannemeyer, Senator Bill Armstrong of Colorado deserves recognition for his leading role in the promotion of bigotry through legislation. The latest Armstrong amendment, which passed the Senate in mid-September and awaits action by the House, would override a clause in the District of Columbia's Human Rights Act that prohibits discrimination based on sexual orientation. Armstrong's bill is designed to allow charitable organizations to bar homosexual volunteers from participating in big brother-type programs. "Sensitive, impressionable children should not have as mentors and role models individuals who are historically, and correctly, regarded as unsuited to that particular kind of work," Armstrong announced in a press release. And why not? Two myths lie behind Armstrong's argument, the same ones summoned to oppose hiring gays as teachers: that homosexuals will encourage children to become gay, and that homosexuals are more likely to sexually molest children. Both are rubbish. No one knows for certain how or when sexual orientation is decided, but there is virtual unanimity among psychologists that it isn't determined by persuasion. Nor is there any evidence to support the claim that homosexuals, male or female, sexually abuse children more often than straights. But even if the Armstrong proposal made sense as a matter of policy, there would be another reason for the Senate to reject it: sovereignty. Congress has no power to veto local ordinances in the fifty states; it shouldn't meddle with District law just because it retains the legal right to do so.

RETURN OF THE YELLOW PERIL: Remember candidate drug testing? It's a live issue in Michigan, where Senator Carl Levin and his Republican challenger, Bill Schuette, agreed to have their urine vetted before a scheduled debate. But then Schuette neglected to leave a sample when he went for his physical. Levin's campaign was quick to assume the worst, suggesting that Schuette might have taken the test and suppressed the results. "Without a statement from the Attending Physician . . . you cannot dispel the suspicion that your candidate did in fact take a drug test and fail it," Levin's campaign manager wrote to his counterpart in the Schuette camp. Schuette's manager fired back a letter accusing Levin of engaging in "gutter innuendo" and "character assassination" that "smells to holy hell." The pissing contest continues. Stay tuned. •

Proof the Rosenbergs spied.

SOCIALIST HEROES

By Ronald Radosh

The newly published *Khrushchev Remembers: The Glasnost Tapes*, excerpted recently in *Time*, offers further substantiation that Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were not innocent victims of a McCarthyite frame-up but, as Khrushchev puts it, "people sympathetic to our ideals" who "did what they could to help the Soviet Union acquire the atom bomb." In tapes recorded after his forced retirement but withheld from his 1970 and 1974 memoirs, Nikita Khrushchev recalls that Stalin "mentioned the Rosenbergs with warmth," and reports hearing from both Stalin and Molotov "that the Rosenbergs provided very significant help in accelerating the production of our atom bomb."

The partisans of the Rosenbergs have already challenged that judgment. Michael and Robert Meeropol, the Rosenbergs' two sons, now state that even if their parents had handed over information, it was crude and ultimately worthless. But as Joyce Milton and I pointed out seven years ago in *The Rosenberg File*, though the sketches of the implosion lens provided to the Soviets by David Greenglass, Ethel Rosenberg's brother, were not a magic formula for A-bomb production, they could well have enabled the Russians to avoid the duplicative efforts of building both a plutonium and uranium process plant. Moreover, Greenglass's sketches corroborated for the Russians earlier data they received from Klaus Fuch.

The Khrushchev memoir is important because it marks the first indication of the Rosenbergs' guilt to come from any Soviet leader. Moreover, his account also helps us understand how the Rosenbergs could go to their deaths proclaiming their innocence, while actually being guilty. In their eyes, they were morally innocent of any crime, since helping the Soviet Union in the cause of peace and anti-fascism was a truly noble cause. Their help, as they saw it, was considered a crime only in cold war America. Thus Khrushchev considers them true heroes, and he offers his "worthy tribute to the

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memory of those people" who helped the Soviets overcome U.S. nuclear "blackmail."

Now that we know that Stalin was thankful for their contribution, perhaps the one man still alive who can shed light on the activities of the Rosenberg spy ring will feel able to tell his story. That man is Joel Barr, who disappeared in Paris on June 16, 1950, the same day Greenglass's arrest was announced in New York. Barr, along with his friend and accomplice Alfred Sarant, was involved in the spy ring, which was composed of engineers and scientists Julius Rosenberg knew in college. It was Barr, former FBI agent Robert Lamphere revealed in his book *The FBI-KGB War: A Special Agent's Story*, who was named in the KGB code cracked by the FBI as a Soviet agent, and whose trail led the Bureau to the Rosenbergs. In 1985 Barr and Sarant fled to the Soviet Union, where they were doing military research in the field of microelectronics.

I finally managed to locate Barr this past August. He spoke with me by phone from his Leningrad apartment. Barr, who had taken the name Joseph Berg, spoke guardedly, saying several times, "You know, they are listening to this conversation." Although Barr maintained that he was not involved in espionage, he acknowledged that his disappearance and failure ever to contact family or friends looked sinister, and that he had a great deal of explaining to do. He said he plans to come to America—to which he has not returned since 1948—and indicated that he hopes to interest American business in scientific projects he is involved in. With a touch of irony, Barr informed me that he had been to the American Embassy in Moscow and that the embassy refused to honor his old American passport, claiming he offered no proof that he was Joel Barr. Thus he plans to visit America traveling on a Soviet passport. Barr, who indicated he is no longer sympathetic to communism, is (according to his son) concerned that were he to return on a visit, he might still be questioned or even prosecuted as a result of his involvement with Julius Rosenberg. If the Justice Department were to grant him immunity, he may finally tell his story.

One must also surmise that much new data, i.e., the final complete story, about the Rosenberg case could be found in KGB files, as well as in the newly available state security files of the former Communist countries. Having put Stalinism behind them, is it not too much to hope that the Soviet leaders will now let us know the truth about their espionage activities in the era of the cold war?

Khrushchev's new memoir offers yet another bit of substantiation that, in a time not long ago, some American Communists and fellow travelers, motivated solely by their political views, engaged in espionage. They did so, Khrushchev reminds us, because they were "committed to ideas." Sometimes, it seems, ideas do have consequences.

RONALD RADOSH is co-author of *The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth* (Henry Holt).

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

CHOPPED LIPS

By Fred Barnes

Newt Gingrich, the House Republican whip, was in the unaccustomed role of listener when he came to the White House on Sunday afternoon, September 30, for the unveiling of the budget agreement. He had asked, in a letter two days earlier, for the full text of any agreement. What he got was a seven-page document with broad budget numbers and few details. To him and two dozen other officials assembled in the Cabinet Room, President Bush said the agreement was "the best possible package we can get." House Speaker Thomas Foley said the same. So did Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell and Republican leaders Bob Dole and Bob Michel. Then the meeting broke up, and the entourage headed for the Rose Garden to announce the agreement. They'd been assigned spots (Gingrich was to stand behind Bush and between Treasury Secretary Nick Brady and GOP Representative Silvio Conte of Massachusetts).

Before Bush got out the door, Gingrich buttonholed him. "I can't go outside," he told Bush. Gingrich said he hadn't read the document, but he knew enough about the agreement to know he didn't like it. "I feel it's my duty to tell you it won't pass the House," he said. Bush was unfazed, a bit stern. He said he would "use all the resources at my command" to get the deal passed. Bush went out one door, Gingrich another. Alone, Gingrich walked to his car. The press didn't notice. Reporters were assembled in the Rose Garden for Bush's appearance.

Bush will recover from the defection of Gingrich, just as President Reagan did when a majority of House Republicans deserted him in 1985 during the tax reform fight. But the president lost more than Gingrich in the budget deal; he lost face. Bush convened the summit, declared a near-emergency, made concessions. Still, he got little of what he'd sought. This should bring his high-flying reputation, buoyed in the Persian Gulf crisis, down to earth. Bush may be Winston Churchill in foreign affairs, but in domestic policy-making he's Gerald Ford. There's no agenda, no vision, no bottom line, no passion. In the weeks before adjournment of Congress, Bush played defense. "We're not advancing a single piece of Bush legislation," said a White House official. Except the budget deal.

As Bush slides, Democrats rise. In the budget talks they were far more unified and determined than the White House and its Republican allies. Their biggest achievement was denying Bush what he wanted. "Bush has broken at least two campaign promises in a single act," says a

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Democratic official. He didn't get a cut in the tax rate on capital gains and he abandoned his pledge of no new taxes. That wasn't all. Bush settled for far less in domestic spending cuts than Democrats expected. Medicare, though cut, wasn't means-tested. Cost-of-living increases for Social Security recipients were protected. And Bush didn't get most of the budget reforms he wanted: line-item veto, enhanced rescission, the requirement for the president's signature on the budget resolution. All he got was a jerry-built enforcement procedure with loopholes.

As embarrassed as Bush was by Gingrich's absence from the Rose Garden, the trashing of Reaganomics by House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt was worse. Gephardt, standing near Bush, asked why the summit had been necessary and taken so long. He answered his own question. "For ten years we have chosen a course together that has created large deficits and limited our capacity to meet the needs of our people and the demands of a very challenging age," he said. "Today we face a weakened economy and high rates of interest and inflation." When Gephardt finished, Bush muttered, "Bob," signaling Michel, the House Republican leader, to chime in with his endorsement of the deal. Michel didn't say a word in defense of Reaganomics either.

What makes all of this surprising is that Bush started from a position of strength when the budget summit began in May. For a president in the second year of his first term, he was extraordinarily popular (and still is). Bush had the automatic spending cuts as a weapon. Democrats, worried about the fate of social programs, feared these cuts more than Bush did. He'd also stuck with a policy, no new taxes, that was attacked in Washington but loved outside the Beltway. And his chief objective, a capital gains cut, was achievable. In 1989 it had passed the House and been blocked in the Senate only by a Mitchell-led filibuster. In other words, Bush had a majority in both houses.

He has an excuse for not getting the capital gains cut. On domestic policy, Bush delegates. Budget director Richard Darman persuaded him to convene the summit, then set strategy and handled the negotiations. If you don't think Darman was in charge, I refer you to the White House briefing by Darman, Brady, and John Sununu, Bush's chief of staff, that followed the Rose Garden event. According to rank, Brady was captain of the Bush forces. He scarcely said a word. Darman tried to defer to him to moderate the briefing. "You do it," said Brady. "Go ahead. You're the moderator." Later, Brady extolled Darman as Superman. "Dick Darman has been up all night long in an incredible tour de force."

As economic consultant John Mueller put it, Darman was the George McClellan of the budget fight. He is brainy, self-confident, shrewd, adept at marshaling his resources. But he wouldn't fight. Darman thought he could gain a favorable budget package, including a capital gains cut, by outdueling Democratic leaders in private talks. They outsmarted him, refusing initially to present their own budget plan, while demanding concessions. I think Democrats knew they had the upper hand on June 26 when Bush tossed away his no new taxes pledge without getting anything in exchange. He got no promise, for instance, that a capital gains cut would be in the budget package. At that point, Democrats sensed correctly that Bush, Darman, and the White House wanted a deal more than they did. Knowing that, they waited for more concessions.

In July Darman made two critical mistakes. He signaled that if a deal were wrapped up quickly, the Federal Reserve would lighten up on interest rates, giving the economy a goose. Why would Mitchell and Gephardt want that? It might mean a palpably improving economy by November 6, election day. This gave them an incentive to delay a deal until the last moment, just so the economy wouldn't be roaring by election day and help the Republicans. Darman also tried to spread terror about across-the-board spending cuts in excess of $100 billion to be imposed if no budget deal were reached. The trouble was, Darman appeared more terrified of these cuts than Democrats did.

Darman was unwilling to unleash his strongest weapon, Bush. Except for a few mildly worded campaign speeches in September, Bush put no pressure on Democrats by attacking them. He didn't argue his case for a capital gains cut (to spur economic growth, and avert a recession). He permitted Democrats to change the issue from tax cuts to making sure the wealthy don't get a windfall. Democrats succeeded in stigmatizing the cut as welfare for the wealthy. In his nationally televised speech to Congress on September 11, Bush had an opportunity to argue otherwise. He didn't. He simply tossed a capital gains cut into a list of "growth-oriented tax measures."

When Darman came to the Cannon House Office Building on October 1 to schmooze with Republicans, he was unapologetic. So were Vice President Dan Quayle, economic adviser Michael Boskin, and Sununu. Quayle astonished the Republicans by declaring that the package would generate an instant boost in GNP and lower interest rates. Nobody believed him. Boskin said the deal will help the economy in the long run, but for now it may be a wash. He noted that interest rates would be lower than they would have been without a budget deal. This assertion can never be tested because where interest rates might have been is unknowable. Sununu said Republicans would lose twenty-four seats in the House this fall if they split over the deal. He threatened to have Bush look House members in the eye at public appearances and ask if they were voting with him on the package. Darman, on TV later, pointed to the stock market rise as proof the deal was a good one. This undermined his case for a capital gains cut. If the market rose without the cut, why was it crucial?

For one thing, it might have brought Gingrich—and the scores of House Republicans who follow his lead—on board. Contrary to his reputation, Gingrich wants to be a team player. "If a serious growth component were in the deal, I might have been tempted," he told me. After the briefing for Republicans, Gingrich pulled Darman aside for a friendly chat. He said they weren't "natural enemies." Five minutes after the budget fight is over, "we have to be on the same team." But not now. •

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The closing of the Massachusetts mind.

HI, YO SILBER!

By Sidney Blumenthal

Before John Silber ever thought of sitting in the Massachusetts governor's high-backed leather chair, beneath the portrait of Sam Adams, he envisaged himself thoughtfully rocking in the Oval Office. In 1986, at a cost of more than $40,000, he commissioned a survey to investigate his chances in New Hampshire. The name recognition of the president of Boston University, however, was nil; his positions struck no chord; his presidential campaign began and ended with the poll. Now, on the ruins of Michael Dukakis, Silber has gained the Democratic nomination for governor.

With his triumph in the primary, this highly unlikely politician presents himself as the new political man. He describes himself, as often as possible, as "an outsider," unencumbered by obligation, uncompromised by the establishment, fearless in speaking his mind. "I'm the one who understood what was going on," he declared the day after his victory. Clearly he sees himself as a model for a confused, dispirited Democratic Party. "They'd rather be right than president," Silber has mocked. The reluctant candidate of 1988 may believe that he offers the Democrats the chance to be both. Thus the gubernatorial contest in Massachusetts may be the first round in the presidential race of 1992.

Yet Silber's simple appeal to an enraged electorate, possessed with overwhelming feelings of betrayal as it experienced the dizzying fall of Dukakis and the "Massachusetts Miracle," provides only a very partial view of the man. Considering the modern hero of anti-politics from angles other than the celebratory tableau in the hotel ballroom, a far more ambiguous figure comes into focus: a demanding intellectual who cannot restrain himself from descending into amateurish, reductive contentiousness; a cultural traditionalist with a penchant for the vulgar remark; an anti-politician who is in league with and indebted to the most entrenched pols in the state.

John Silber is so tightly coiled that he always seems to be straining against himself, as though he were wearing invisible chains. His father was an architect who left Berlin in 1902, married a schoolteacher, and settled in San Antonio. The upbringing of John, born in 1926, followed the exacting standards of a Calvinist Presbyterianism that stressed order and obedience. He has said that he was not aware that he had a shriveled right arm until he was five years old and the other children taunted him. "I see myself as symmetrical," he told a reporter. During the Depression his father lost his job; the family subsisted on his mother's meager salary: "I do remember reading Hansel and Gretel and thinking about the woodcutter who got rid of his children. I knew my parents wouldn't get rid of me."

After a year at divinity school studying for the ministry, Silber turned to philosophy at Yale, where he received his doctorate for a thesis on Immanuel Kant. In a way the strong-willed Silber's embrace of Kantian philosophy, with its emphasis on the independent nature of reason and universal moral values, was a revolt against the Calvinist notion of predestination.

He taught philosophy at the University of Texas, where he has been described as deeply committed but given to classroom temper tantrums and exercises of student humiliation. In 1967 he was named dean of the college of liberal arts, owing his position to Frank Erwin, chairman of the board of regents, a flamboyant wheeler-dealer with close ties to Lyndon Johnson and John Connally. Silber fired twenty-two of the twenty-eight deans of the college and tried to force out faculty members he regarded as unworthy. Then in 1970 he overreached by attempting to prevent the expansion of the university on land owned by Erwin. His patron unceremoniously removed him, shrewdly commenting, "You're going to be a famous man." In the ensuing controversy Silber was hailed as a champion of academic freedom. Though he was a supporter of the Vietnam War, his chairmanship of the Texas Society to Abolish Capital Punishment enhanced his aura as a liberal martyr.

Within months, in great part because of the stir at Texas, Silber was appointed president of Boston University, an underendowed school lacking a distinct identity. Silber now had free rein. He raised a good deal of money, built up the sprawling urban campus, and attracted a few notable scholars. But most of the attention he gained for the school was because of his capricious use of power. Those who were not his loyalists were treated as adversaries who must be subdued; Silber reacted to any questioning of his authority by lashing out at the questioner. His critics charged him with intimidating tactics, including photographing them. "I've been right so much of the time," he said later, reflecting his attitude throughout. In 1976 the faculty voted by a three-to-one margin to dismiss him. Three years later the faculty passed a resolution declaring him unfit. But Silber, who had secured a safe board of trustees, was, if he wished, president for life.

In part Silber created a supportive board by the method against which he had made a principled stand at Texas. Both the university and Silber himself were involved in real estate deals with firms owned by trustees. He also personally held stock worth $2 million in the company of the board member who helped him purge the board, Arthur Metcalf. Last year it was revealed that Silber had spent $60 million of BU's operating funds in a failing investment in Seragen, a biotechnology company in which ten trustees had holdings.

In the 1980s Silber was an ardent supporter of the

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Reagan administration, but the only time he was considered for a significant appointment—as secretary of education—he was passed over. What was worse, the plum went to a former student of his at Texas whom he had brought to BU as his protégé—William Bennett. Silber was bitterly jealous. "I don't consider Bill Bennett's credentials comparable to my own," he told a reporter at the time, in an unpublished interview. "The fact that Bill Bennett had connections to extreme right-wing groups was decisive in getting the job," he continued. "That's the most responsible job Bennett has ever had. I hold a more responsible job now."

At last the administration gave him an assignment. The vehemently pro-contra Silber was named to the Kissinger Commission on Latin America. His abrasive conduct led Kissinger publicly to call him "obnoxious" and to say, only half-joking, that he had contemplated killing him.

Silber is an intellectual with a locked mind. In his effort to dominate every scene he finds himself in, he does not risk his certainty by listening to others. His need to denigrate seems almost instinctive. Silber reveals a lot in his voice—a drumming, fast-paced voice that he uses as a weapon to correct the stupid people who are determined to spite him and his pure reason.

In 1989 Silber published his only book, *Straight Shooting: What's Wrong with America and How to Fix It*, stitched together by a team of ghostwriters on the BU payroll from his speeches and articles over the decades. In it, Silber made a case for a return to "standards." Much of his argumentation was pedantic or semantic, more cant than Kant. "Abortion is homicide," he wrote. "But homicide is not equivalent to murder . . ." And so on, with the topics ranging from homosexuality to foreign policy. The contrived way in which his book was produced led to flagrant contradictions and the duplication of whole sentences as if by some perverse computer error. Silber authorized the expenditure of $6,314 in university funds to buy up copies of *Straight Shooting*. But when it failed to become a best seller, he blamed the public: "I don't think very many people even understand how to read a book like this because they have been so corrupted by television."

As his presidential foray had shown, Silber's ambition extended beyond the best-seller list. His advance agent in his preparations for the governor's race was Kevin White, a fallen figure in the Massachusetts political cosmology who had started out as a reform mayor of Boston but left City Hall in a fog of corruption. White landed at BU, with a two-story building to serve as his private office and a salary of $100,000. As mayor he had done Silber the favor of waiving the city's option on the Commonwealth Armory, clearing the way for BU to gain the valuable property. Now he quietly recruited operatives for a Silber-for-governor effort, vouching for his Democratic credentials. Thus began the outsider's campaign.

Silber's standings in the early polls were low, but he had the backing to sustain his campaign from the primeval powers of Beacon Hill. The practiced operators who worked behind the scenes for him included, most notably, Senate president Billy Bulger of South Boston, who privately sneered at reform and yet helped Dukakis, when he was popular, pass his program; whose cronies controlled the corrupt business of the courthouses; and whose brother, Whitey, was the city's crime boss and cocaine kingpin. At the Democratic convention in June, Silber mustered no organization of his own. He depended upon Bulger & Co., whose machinations got him just enough delegate votes to meet the 15 percent threshold that would give him a slot on the primary ballot.

Silber had no political strategy. What he had, mostly, was an attitude. His simmering anger and punitive tenor happened to match the momentary mood of the electorate. His spontaneous ejaculations became known as "Silber shockers": Cambodians are here because of the Massachusetts "welfare magnet"; "the racism of Jews is quite phenomenal"; "when you've had a long life and you're ripe, then it's time to go." To the surprise of nearly all the seasoned observers, Silber wasn't undermined by his offensive remarks. On the contrary, they were central in convincing voters that he was not about business as usual.

He was also lucky in his opponents. Lieutenant Governor Evelyn Murphy was a less interesting version of the colorless Dukakis, her campaign a farcical version of his elaborate decline into irrelevance, ending with a failed coup attempt as he departed for a European trade mission. Attorney General Frank Bellotti, seemingly on the scene forever, was a blue-collar type who had bent himself to fit the image of the white-collar type in the Dukakis era. Too proud to rehearse for debates because he feared being embarrassed in private, he was embarrassed before the whole state. He could not make the case for change, or any case. His copious on-camera perspiration gave him the look of a middleweight boxer past his prime. It was thought that when Murphy withdrew, Bellotti would naturally receive her votes. But the liberal independents crossed over to vote for the pro-choice Republican, William Weld. Their demurral from the Democratic primary cleared the path for Silber.

Over the past thirty years, every incumbent Democratic governor has been beaten at least once. In effect, this was the second time Dukakis was unseated. Ironically, the image that has profited Silber is akin to that which had given rise to Dukakis—the stiff-necked, anti-political reformer. But the pattern of Silber's vote closely resembles that won by Edward King, the blustery businessman who tapped into blue-collar social discontent and defeated the incumbent Dukakis in 1978. "I see a lot of similarities," said King, endorsing Silber after the primary. (King owns 700 shares of Seragen stock and is closely associated with the businessmen who had been granted lucrative BU building contracts.) The typical Silber voter is over fifty and lives in an older, decaying industrial town beyond Route

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128—an ambit narrower than it had been for King.

But Silber has combined more than parts of King's constituency with aspects of Dukakis's initial image. He is also an unpredictable mixture of their vices: arrogance, resentment, and rigidity. He far exceeds them, however, in his vindictiveness. Any perceived slight, even years old, must be punished—again and again. During an interview in August with Christopher Lydon, the anchorman of Boston's nightly public television news program, a segment was aired depicting Silber's career. It included critical remarks from Helen Vendler, a distinguished former professor of English at BU who had accepted a position at Harvard. After the show, without prompting, Silber went on about how she had betrayed him. "Henry the Eighth with tits," he jeered.

Silber's subjectivity might be so overwhelming that he may not grasp that he is not commanding the political tides but is a cork bobbing in the ocean. "Silber cannot see past his eyeballs," says Martin Linsky, the keenest observer of Massachusetts politics, who teaches at the Kennedy School at Harvard. With Silber's victory and the defeat of a conservative on the Republican side, two of the major political tendencies of the 1980s—neoliberalism and Reagan Republicanism—were cast aside. But in arousing a rejection of the past, Silber has not affirmed a coherent new program. Though he has backtracked on his long-held opposition to capital punishment, what he promises voters is not a politics of sheer expediency. For example, he supports a massive public works program, a traditional liberal proposal that, in a time of austerity, sounds unconventional. He also favors a universal preschool program to lift the underclass from despair—not the usual fare of politicians banking on blue-collar resentment. At the same time, he wants the state to seize the second children of welfare mothers and put them in foster care. These ideas defy routine categorization. But what lies behind all of them is the notion of a strong hand.

In the general election Silber faces William Weld, a personable patrician, a former U.S. attorney who resigned in a clash with Edwin Meese. But Weld is not really in the line of such Brahmins as Lodge, Saltonstall, and Sargent; though he has their sense of public service, he lacks their notion of noblesse oblige. In particular, he has a fondness for harsh, laissez-faire economic policies. (In 1980 he was the state campaign manager for Phil Crane, who ran to the right of Reagan.) Weld resembles Bush in his drift from old patrician moorings.

The issues that Weld understands best are prosecutorial ones, and he has already begun to prosecute his opponent. Silber's ties to Billy Bulger are being hammered. But even more complicating than this bit of cognitive dissonance are the positions of Weld and Silber on a tax-revolt initiative that will certainly eviscerate basic services in the state if passed. Silber is against it, putting him on the side of the responsible powers-that-be, while Weld is for it. It is as impossible to say who has a political edge as it is to tell which end is up. Whoever wins will almost certainly inherit a chaotic whirl that he will accelerate.

If Silber were to succeed, he might easily think of the next step. His personalistic, authoritarian mode of rule is well-suited to abdicating the boring details to his allies. He could play the philosopher-king on television, denouncing politics-as-entertainment and proposing grandiose ideas, while Bulger and the others would run the courthouses, the state contracts, the patronage, the budget. Even before it all turns sour, Silber might seek to fulfill his earlier dream of a presidential race. His platform is ready-made in the form of Jesse Jackson, who he once said was "the voice of Adolf Hitler." Silber and Jackson are perfectly cast images of their own worst nightmares. But Silber's further progress will depend upon locating the wellsprings of anger nationally that he has found in Massachusetts. "Will the entire country be in an emotional meltdown?" asks Dan Payne, a Boston media consultant, contemplating the prospect.

Or Silber may be eliminated in November by the public that summoned him in September, leaving him to be chronicled as a victim of his defects. In his book, Silber calls for the coming of a hero to redeem the country: "On the one hand, he exalts and motivates; on the other, he intimidates and demeans." If the people reject him, "the hero suffers violence, death, or translation to another world, while the chorus survives." John Silber already has a vision of the end. •

Polly want a voucher.

HERO OF CHOICE

By Ben Wildavsky

"The person we honor tonight is a hero, an American hero." Standing at a podium between the bar and the hors d'oeuvres on the canopied front patio of La Brasserie, the elegant Capitol Hill restaurant, Clint Bolick, director of the conservative Landmark Center for Civil Rights, was addressing a friendly hometown crowd of mostly Republican notables. Although Honorary Chairman Dan Quayle couldn't make it, other speakers and celebrants at the September 17 cocktail-hour fund-raiser included former Delaware Governor Pete du Pont, Ed Meese, Wisconsin Senator Robert Kasten, and assorted White House staffers. The object of their praise? Wisconsin state Representative Annette "Polly" Williams, who initiated legislation last spring instituting the first education voucher program in the country. The experimental program provides up to 1,000 poor Milwaukee children with vouchers to attend private, non-sectarian schools.

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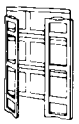

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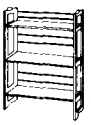

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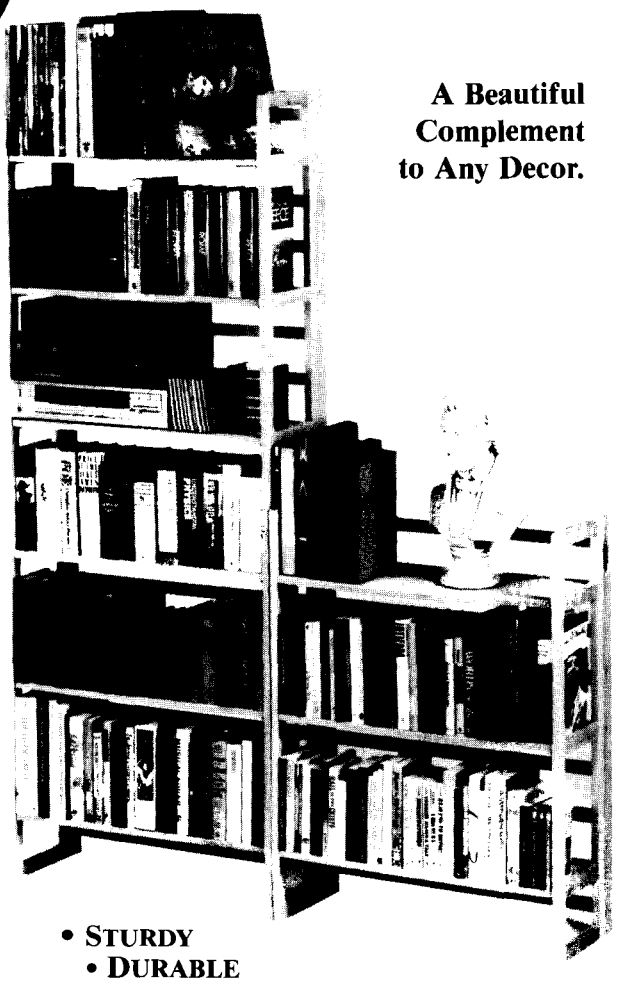

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Williams, a Mississippi-born black Democrat who was Wisconsin state chairwoman of Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign in 1984 and 1988, has become a conservative darling. She was honored earlier the same day in a Rose Garden ceremony by President Bush, who called her "a courageous leader." Since school started on September 4, 391 children have begun using vouchers at seven participating schools. Landmark has defended her plan—so far, successfully—against ongoing court challenges by a coalition that includes teachers' unions and the Milwaukee branch of the NAACP.

Probably Williams's most enthusiastic cheerleader has been *The Wall Street Journal*, whose editorialists have painted her in shining colors as a fellow enemy of the liberal education establishment. In a July editorial the *Journal* put her on the right side of "the struggle for hearts and minds in the black community." Along with other advocates of "self-help, independence, progress through education, and black enterprise," the *Journal* contrasts her with Louis Farrakhan and other militants calling for "a new black separatism," and with "those calling for an Afro-centered school curriculum for black children."

The *Journal* has apparently not been eager to examine Williams's views too closely. "I'm not an integrationist," she told *The Los Angeles Times* in August. "I don't chase after white people." In fact, Williams bears the title "general of education" in the Black Panther militia founded last February by Milwaukee alderman Michael McGee. McGee's militia "is advocating the overthrow of the U.S. government if conditions don't change by 1995," according to a September 10 letter of support the alderman wrote to Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein.

In a corner of the plush upstairs dining room at La Brasserie, Williams told me that she is the only elected official to have joined the militia, and said she's "never tried to keep it a secret." Normally loquacious, she paused when asked about McGee's threats of violence, saying finally, "No one advocates violence, really." In an interview in the August 5 issue of the *Milwaukee Journal* magazine, Williams was less equivocal. While protesting that McGee is "just talking," she also said, "This country was built on violence. How come when black folks talk about going to the walls and tearing them down, we are violent. But when white folks talk about it, such as in East Germany, they are glorified. Why are you going to say to white people, 'You can be violent but black people can't'?"

The conservatives lauding Williams know about her Jackson affiliations, but few seem aware of her ties with McGee. Reactions to the information range from amusement to anger. ("I regard the question as bordering on a smear campaign," Texas Representative Steve Bartlett told me.) Tommy Thompson, the Republican governor of Wisconsin and normally one of Williams's biggest fans, has apparently been embarrassed by her militia ties. Williams boasted to one federal official that Thompson wouldn't have his picture taken with her when she donned a uniform and marched with the militia in a June celebration of Emancipation Day.

The administration dismisses her affiliations as irrelevant. "We knew about it," says a White House official. "But that's not the point. We're supporting the concept of choice, which the president thinks is applicable to all American schoolchildren. We know that Polly Williams does not agree with everything Alderman McGee stands for, just as we know that Polly Williams does not agree with everything President Bush stands for."

But Williams's politics bears directly on the kind of schools she would like to see Milwaukee children attending, suggesting a potential problem with vouchers that advocates rarely confront. Williams wants vouchers not only because of the dismal quality of Milwaukee public schools, which few dispute, but, as she told *Reason* magazine recently, because the private schools that elected to participate in the voucher program "help instill pride in the African American heritage through history and other courses the public schools aren't interested in."

A number of the seven schools receiving vouchers have some sort of ethnic focus. At Milwaukee's Urban Day School, ninety-five students out of the total preschool-to-eighth-grade enrollment of 487 are using vouchers. According to Executive Director Zakiya Courtney, the school teaches its students (90 percent of whom are black) a value system based on the seven principles central to the annual Kwanzaa harvest festival, held in the United States to celebrate African culture and history: unity, self-determination, collective work and responsibility, cooperative economics, purpose, creativity, and faith. "We're trying to move to a more Afrocentric view of the world," says Courtney. "We're re-educating our staff," she explained, noting that the teachers are predominantly white and would otherwise "teach what they've been taught."

The United Community Center, which is benefiting from forty-seven state vouchers and where 85 percent of the pupils come from Hispanic families, also stresses ethnicity. Executive Director Walter Sava says the curriculum includes Hispanic history, geography, mores—"the whole package." Unlike public schools, he points out, "for us, Hispanic Heritage Week lasts all year round."

This ethnic focus brings into relief a clash between two strains of conservative thought on education: the belief in the market model of schooling, in which schools are free to develop their own identities in order to attract customers/pupils, and the belief that all schools should teach civic virtue in a non-politicized fashion. In *Black Education: Myths and Tragedies*, black free-marketeer Thomas Sowell commented: "If some politically or religiously oriented groups are willing to conduct good schools in order to be able to put in a word for their beliefs, that is not unreasonable in a pluralistic society. . . . There is no reason in principle why what applies to the Catholic Church should not apply to the Black Muslims, provided that both maintain sufficient academic standards to qualify as accredited institutions of learning."

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But the second strain, calling for schools to teach the heritage we share as Americans, is equally if not more prevalent among conservatives. Liberals are thus not the only ones who will find something to dislike in an educational marketplace. The educational gains to be reaped from competition could well outweigh the potential loss of the common school ideal. But it would be ironic and unfortunate if what the voucher advocates at La Brasserie are calling the biggest breakthrough in American schooling since *Brown* v. *Board of Education* turned out to separate us in unexpected ways.

BEN WILDAVSKY is assistant managing editor of *The Public Interest*.

The murder of Father Menn.

DARKNESS AT DAWN

By Conor O'Clery

ZAGORSK, RUSSIA

Father Aleksandr Menn left his two-story wooden house in Semkhoz village at 6:40 on September 9, a Sunday morning, and set off along a path through a chilly, damp wood to the local railway station. The bearded Russian Orthodox priest, dressed in an overcoat and carrying his robes and a cross in a briefcase, was on his way to catch a train to his parish church twenty miles away. The path, wide enough for two people, was frequently used by villagers going to catch the electric train in the other direction to the nearby city of Zagorsk, so Father Menn would not have been unduly alarmed at someone coming up behind him. As he reached a grove of a dozen oak trees, still within shouting distance of his home, he was struck on the back of the head with a small ax. The blow made a four-inch gash and severed the artery carrying blood to the brain. Nevertheless, Father Menn was able to stagger back toward his house. His wife, Natalya, said she was awakened about 7 a.m. by groans and snorts and saw a body lying beyond their wicket gate. She called an ambulance, not knowing it was her husband. It was too late. The fifty-five-year-old priest had died.

The murder received wide coverage in the Russian press. A spokesman for the Moscow patriarchy of the Orthodox Church told the journal *Commersant* that they regarded the killing as "a death of a priest like so many others." But Father Menn was no ordinary Orthodox priest, and his death was almost certainly not "like so many others."

Father Menn was a Jew, a fact not mentioned by the Russian newspapers. His father and mother were Jewish. His mother had converted to Christianity before the war, and Aleksandr had been brought up as a believer in the Russian Orthodox Church. A great many of his congregation were also Christian Jews. Many had been baptized by him during his thirty-two years as a parish priest. They came every weekend from Moscow, a forty-minute drive, to the pine-wood church with tiny blue onion domes adorned with gold stars where Father Menn gave services and lectures; it was their spiritual home. People in the nearby village of Novaya Deryevnaya referred to it, jokingly, as the synagogue.

Father Menn, born in Moscow in 1935, has long had the reputation of a priest who refused to compromise with the Communist state. "He was never a dissident, but he was a spiritual father to those who spoke out on human rights," said Jane Ellis, senior USSR researcher at Keston College in England, who visited him in secret at the church during the 1970s. She found him "one of those people who radiated energy, absolutely tireless, and deeply spiritual and knowledgeable." His church attracted young people, and she recalls families coming in from the snow with their babies wrapped in furs, whom Father Menn would discreetly baptize.

He was a pastor to dissident priests and a friend of Father Gleb Yakunin, once imprisoned for his outspokenness, now a radical deputy in the Russian Parliament. Though Father Menn did not sign petitions or make political statements, he was frequently brought in for questioning by the KGB.

Father Menn also was pastor to many members of the Moscow intelligentsia. Film director Andrei Smirnov was among the thousands who attended his funeral, along with the prominent literary critic Lev Annensky. In 1980 he had officiated at the funeral of the protest singer and Russian folk hero Vladimir Vysotsky. Some months ago I saw Father Menn, an imposing figure with a neat black beard just turning gray and receding hair, conducting the service for another famous singer, Viktor Shalamov, in a Moscow cemetery. I also saw him in a television program two years ago, talking to children in a Moscow school about spiritual life. It caused a sensation at the time. Since then he had appeared regularly on television talk shows and contributed frequently to newspapers.

More significant, Father Menn was fast achieving great authority as the embodiment of all that is good and progressive in the Orthodox Church as it emerged from its long and painful subjugation to the state. He was a beloved village priest untainted by connivance with the authorities. He was also highly respected among the intelligentsia and the embassy chaplains in Moscow as a formidable scholar, the author of *In Search of Truth*, published in Brussels, in which he explored the relationship among different religions.

As restrictions on religious practice eased under Mikhail Gorbachev, Father Menn opened a Sunday school and launched a theological university. In the ranks of

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the inward-looking Orthodox Church, he was an exceptional advocate of Christian unity, an ecumenism that would have been interpreted as "rootless cosmopolitanism" by those who objected to Jews in general. This troublesome priest, the newspaper *Sovetskaya Kultura* noted in an obituary, denounced chauvinism and "was hated by the old type of nationalist." The government daily, *Izvestia*, remarked upon his opposition to "anti-Semitism and false patriotism."

The murder sent a tremor of fear through the community of Jewish intellectuals in Moscow, already apprehensive about the burgeoning anti-Semitism that has coincided with a growth in Russian nationalism. The priest had become a hate figure for extreme nationalists, outraged at the prominence of a Jew in the Russian Orthodox Church, the very citadel of Russian nationalism. Yuri Senakosov, a philosopher and long-standing friend of Father Menn, told me the priest had been receiving threatening letters, which he didn't take seriously. Senakosov did not believe the murder was a simple crime.

At the funeral many mourners also had little doubt that his Jewish background was the motive, and that the murder was carried out by extremists associated with the anti-Semitic nationalist organization Pamyat (Memory). A Jewish interpreter, unwilling to be quoted by name, said word was going around of an alleged hit list drawn up by Pamyat. No. 1 on the list had been Father Menn, and No. 2 the outspoken academician Dmitri Likhachev (still alive). Friar Germogen, a priest known for his ties to Pamyat, attended the funeral and said, according to *Commersant*, that the priest was murdered by Zionists because he had converted to Christianity. Others referred darkly to state organs. Father Gleb Yakunin described it as a "political murder." There was an angry "boo" when someone in the graveyard mentioned the KGB.

So great was the public unease over the murder that the chairman of the Russian Parliament, Boris Yeltsin, personally ordered the Russian Interior Ministry to do everything possible to investigate the crime. Deputies in the Parliament stood for a minute of silence to honor his memory. The Moscow public prosecutor, the KGB, and the militia are all conducting their own inquiries. Stepan Ashtashkov of the Moscow Homicide Department told *Moscow News* after visiting the scene that the most likely motive was robbery.

Was it an anti-Semitic murder, a political assassination like that of Father Popieluszko in Poland in 1984, or a simple case of robbery? The evidence for the last theory is that the briefcase is missing. There is also a history of crime along the forest path. People passing the place where Father Menn was attacked—marked now by flowers lying beneath an oak tree—spoke of the murder of a teenage girl fifteen years ago, and of youths occasionally running off with women's shopping bags. Last winter two men grabbed money and a fur hat from a woman near the isolated little station. People on the platform saw it but did nothing, said an old woman in disgust.

On the other hand, these crimes usually took place in the evenings, not at dawn. Father Menn was strongly built and fit, an unlikely target for a casual thief. If robbery was the motive, what did a thief expect to find in the briefcase of a priest going to church, rather than returning, when he might be expected to carry collection money? The evidence points to a deliberate assassination, with the attacker waiting for him to come out, and then following the priest, choosing a moment when no one else was around to strike the blow.

Father Aleksandr Menn wrote regularly for *Sovetskaya Kultura*. The closing words of his last article could have been his epitaph. He said, "Chaos growing out of tyranny will not endure. No matter how long the darkness, the night cannot be endless. God's word teaches us to believe in the victory of the light."

CONOR O'CLERY is Moscow correspondent for the *Irish Times*.

Ann Richards's uphill battle.

HOW TO BEAT BUBBA

By Craig Unger

It is hard to believe that a year ago Ann Richards seemed the ideal Texas Democratic gubernatorial candidate. The perfect antidote to the cold cerebralism of Michael Dukakis, Richards, the elected state treasurer, was the sassy Good Old Girl who had shot to national prominence at the 1988 Democratic National Convention in Atlanta on the strength of her folksy, down-home humor. "Poor George," she had drawled, in the most famous sound bite of that summer. "He can't help it. He was born with a silver foot in his mouth." The woman had star quality.

But today Democratic supporters accuse Richards, 57, of monumental vagueness and pandering to the center. Republican ads have linked her to gays and lesbians, death-row inmates, and "every tax-and-spend liberal in Hollywood and New York." Reporters complain about her carefully choreographed presentations, which are guaranteed to offend no one. Her statewide negative rating has soared to 52 percent, and she trails Clayton "Claytie" Williams, a gaffe-prone yahoo, by about fifteen points.

The race will probably tighten as the election approaches. There's no telling how Claytie will fare in the heat of battle. A late-breaking scandal charging his Claydesta National Bank with fraud suggests it is too early to write Richards off. "Ann's going to win," a

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friend of hers insists. "You just wait. Claytie's going to step on his dick real hard." But even such unlikely serendipities would not alter the fact that a candidate who once had a voice is now desperately looking for one. A woman who could talk pure Texas and tell stories "that would make you blush and run," as one friend puts it, is being compared to, of all people, Michael Dukakis. What went wrong?

Theoretically, issues like crime, drugs, education, and abortion are important to Texas voters, and if the candidates focused on them Richards would probably be faring much better. But in this campaign, these issues are secondary to the growing chasm between Texas's mythic past and its reality today. Whatever its rich and powerful mythology might suggest, demographically Texas is just like many Northern industrial states. The wide open spaces are still there, of course, but most Texans live in urban areas. Cattle hasn't been a profitable industry for more than two generations.

Still, even if most Texans live in air-conditioned suburbs, they prefer to think of themselves as good old boys rocking on the front porch. Though Williams, 58, has never held political office, he has become the frontrunner through a series of TV spots that are powerfully evocative of the Old West. Having made his fortune (in oil, cattle, and real estate) in the hardscrabble catclaw country of West Texas, Claytie is the multimillionaire who owns no shoes (just cowboy boots), who has a swimming pool in the shape of an Aggie boot (the emblem of his alma mater, Texas A&M), and who cries real tears not just when he hears the Aggie War Hymn but when someone even *asks* him about it. As he puts it, "I am Bubba."

Bubba is a rural Texas archetype whose sometimes crude and vulgar culture is an amalgam of male bonding rituals forged on the ranch, in the oil fields, and in the locker room. It is a highly personalized ideal that celebrates the virtues of toughness, self-reliance, and neighborliness, all generously larded with Marlboro Country-type cowboy imagery. At its best, it can be democratic in the true sense of the word, recognizing no social barriers separating the ranch hand from the millionaire. In large part, this is the source of Williams's appeal.

But Claytie's Bubbalike candor is also responsible for the abysmal level of political discourse in Texas. The image that has defined this campaign hangs on a bulletin board in Richards's campaign headquarters: there's Williams, on the cover of *Texas Monthly*, wearing a Stetson and flapping his jug ears in a decidedly ungubernatorial way. "Texas Humor—Just Sit Back and Enjoy It," reads the cover line, a reference to a remark Williams made comparing rape to inclement weather and suggesting a strategy for dealing with both. In addition, allegations that Williams used to stage "honey hunts"—parties where hookers were hidden throughout his ranch—have led to his disclosure that in his youth he had been "serviced," as he put it, by prostitutes.

Even though the mayors of Texas's three largest cities are women, female candidates confront a double bind—especially when faced with the Bubba factor. "The first suggestion about every female who runs is that she isn't tough enough for the job," says Richards. But the corollary is that if you are tough, you're probably not very ladylike. Richards's "silver foot" line from the Democratic convention played brilliantly nationally. But many Texans, both conservative and liberal, saw it as "cruel" humor and have not forgiven her for it. "I hope you kick the shit out of Ann Richards," one of Williams's supporters told a campaign aide. "She reminds me of my wife and every shrill bitch I've ever met in my life."

Of course, there is more to Claytie than just a Bubba who made good, and the Richards campaign portrays "the real Clayton Williams" as a savvy, conniving businessman whose companies have been sued 319 times—for sex discrimination, fraud, price fixing, and misappropriation of natural gas, among other things. As *The Texas Observer* reported, Williams's fortune is based in part on having "pumped dry" Comanche Springs in Fort Stockton, Texas, his hometown, for use on his 12,000-acre farm, destroying what was once the town's greatest tourist attraction. But these charges have not carried much weight at the polls, with Williams taking a 48 percent to 33 percent lead, according to a September 12 poll conducted for *The Houston Chronicle*.

Meanwhile, Richards has presented herself as the new urban woman, a sophisticated modern manager, Texas's future. Hoping to attract Republican women in the affluent suburbs who might be turned off by Williams's rape remark, Richards has traded in her sassy country colloquialisms for a blander, middle-of-the-road, Lloyd Bentsen-like posture. "I would describe myself as a progressive on social issues, but very conservative when it comes to government interference in private lives," she says. "Taxpayers ought to get their money's worth out of government. There's tremendous waste and inefficiency."

Richards's friends are no longer sure how to describe her politics. While remaining pro-choice on abortion, she has taken centrist to conservative positions on gun control, the death penalty, and the flag-burning amendment, befuddling Austin liberals who have known her for years. "One doesn't know what her fundamental positions are," says *Texas Observer* publisher Ronnie Dugger. "Ann needs to go back to her roots and come up with a program that has some originality."

She grew up as Dorothy Ann Willis in Waco, about a hundred miles south of Dallas. The Willises were so poor that Ann's father, a delivery man, compared the family to the Joads in the *The Grapes of Wrath*. A few hours after Ann was born, her mother got out of her birthing bed, wrung the neck of a chicken, and began preparing it for dinner. Ann frequently went without shoes.

In 1953 she married David Richards, now a labor lawyer. (They have since divorced.) When they moved

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to Dallas, Ann got involved in precinct politics. She staged political parodies at which she sang songs she wrote. Dallas's tiny liberal scene seemed to revolve around her. Products of the Ralph Yarborough wing of the bitterly divided Texas Democratic Party, Ann and David were shaped by the civil rights struggles of the 1950s. They picketed segregated restaurants like the Piccadilly Cafeteria in Dallas. "It was physically dangerous," says Nancy Greene, a Dallas friend. "They could easily have gotten a nice house and joined the country club. But they had a cause. They were rebels."

In 1969, fed up with the conservatism of Dallas, the Richardses fled to Austin, a refuge for the disaffected, from liberal intellectuals to redneck cowboys. The '60s were played out here, Texas-style. One of the principal watering holes was Scholz's Garten, the inspiration for the Dearly Beloved Beer and Garden Party of William Brammer's legendary political novel, *The Gay Place*. "This was where you tapped into the zeitgeist of Austin," says David Richards. Guests at the Richardses' house ranged from Dennis Hopper to *New York Times* editor Abe Rosenthal. "Ann and David were the Dick and Nicole Diver of the scene, gay and glamorous—the kind of people who made things fun when they walked into the room," says Molly Ivins, a *Dallas Times Herald* political reporter and a close friend for years.

Colorful though it was, this was a fringe crowd that was accustomed to losing and being ironic about it. Power was anathema. Ann began to argue that it was time to get out of the back room and take part in the political battles directly. She courted such power brokers as University of Texas Regents chairman Frank Erwin, Lieutenant Governor Bill Hobby, and Senator Lloyd Bentsen. When she ran for office herself, she was able to use these relationships to win support from the business community without alienating her liberal base.

In 1975 David Richards was approached to run for commissioner of Travis County. An effective but uncompromising idealist, David stepped aside in favor of Ann and her consensus-building pragmatism. She won handily. It was an unusual job for a woman, "a truck-driving, front-end-loader operation," as she calls it, which involved managing road crews and the like.

In 1982 the Texas Democratic Party finally patched up the age-old split between its conservative and liberal wings. Democrats ranging from moderates like Mark White as governor to maverick populist Jim Hightower as agriculture commissioner swept into office. Among them, Ann Richards was elected state treasurer. "Ann took over an agency that was a moribund, rust-infested pit, and made it work," says Ivins.

Richards's current problems began in the Democratic primary and the subsequent run-off, when her rival, Attorney General Jim Mattox, repeatedly accused her of drug use. Richards, a recovering alcoholic, cited the precepts of Alcoholics Anonymous and refused to answer the charges. She survived, but at a high price. She spent most of the campaign fending off drug charges, almost exhausting her limited treasury and getting virtually no positive message across. Meanwhile, no one laid a glove on Williams in the Republican primary, and he peppered the airwaves with nostalgic paeans to the frontier.

The general election has turned out to be as dirty as the Democratic primary. In July two Christian activists proclaimed Richards "an honorary lesbian" for her opposition to state laws banning sodomy. According to *The Dallas Times-Herald*, both activists worked for organizations that were partially funded by Williams's campaign. A few weeks later Republican radio ads in Houston began harping on Richards's support from gays and lesbians. And leading Democrats report a widespread whisper campaign in the churches and elsewhere trying to link the break-up of her marriage to her support by lesbians. "Anytime a woman runs in big-league politics, there are whisper campaigns," says Richards's consultant George Shipley.

But it is more than shell shock from a dirty campaign that has led to Richards's current dilemma. Trying to please both wings of the Democratic Party, appealing to affluent suburbanites and the "yellow dog Democrats" of rural east Texas, she has taken positions that are out of character with her past. A case in point is her position on the proposed constitutional amendment that would outlaw defacing the flag. "There is no confusion about my position on the flag," Richards says stridently. "I think it is totally appropriate for the government to decide that the Constitution be amended to say you cannot deface a symbol of our liberty. I thought that was real clear!"

In an increasingly Republican state where the term "liberal" is lethal political poison, the pressures on Richards are easy to understand. Yet it is hard to believe that she really thinks the flag amendment is a good idea on its merits, or that even though she goes dove hunting to prove that she is against gun control (and that she can handle a gun as well as Claytie) she truly believes every redneck should own as many guns as his pickup will carry. "It is very difficult for a candidate to be morally fully present," says Dugger. "But if she is not, people know it. If people are asked to choose between a mystery and a known quantity, they will take the latter."

If Richards's campaign has been a Faustian bargain, so far it has not been a good deal. She has yet to pick up much Republican support, and she has not inspired the Democrats either. Though she is holding her own among the wine-and-cheese Democrats, Richards's pitch for Republican women in the suburbs has cost her credibility among the working class. She needs to come up with simple, positive messages appealing to them.

Several Democratic supporters, including Hightower, have given Richards similar advice, but it is a message about which her campaign has been decidedly ambivalent. "Lord save us from friendly Democrats who like to give unsolicited advice," says one of her advisers. "They love to trash this race." But, he adds,

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"Ann has found her message. She has outlined a detailed call for insurance reform. Her environmental message is quite tough, and she has begun comparing Clayton Williams to Bill Clements [the unpopular Republican incumbent]. This is the politics of rich and poor."

That's more like it. But at this late date, Richards's campaign cannot afford to hedge its bets. The last time a Democrat won the Texas statehouse was in 1982, when Mark White somehow managed to convince voters that he was a populist, leading the entire ticket to a historic statewide sweep in the process. Maybe that will remind Richards that, as they say in Texas, the only thing in the middle of the road is a dead armadillo. Turning the polls around at this stage is a daunting though not impossible task. But time is running out.

CRAIG UNGER is a New York writer.

Cruising for a bruising.

THE HERESIES OF PAT BUCHANAN

By Jacob Weisberg

Joe Sobran, a syndicated columnist who was himself accused of anti-Semitism a few years ago, offers this perspective on the Pat Buchanan flap: "Jewish claims are being cut down to size in various ways. It's coded by a lot of Jews as anti-Semitism. I don't think it is. It's more like counter-Semitism."

Sobran says that "counter-Semitism," unlike anti-Semitism, does not seek a "negative outcome" for Jews. It is an attempt "to bring Jews down to the level of ordinary civil society." According to Sobran, he shares with Buchanan, a friend, an urge to diminish "the excessive moral prestige Jews have in the media and the public square. . . . Jews deciding the standards, setting the criteria of humanity. Since they set themselves up as the arbiter, there is, if you'll pardon the expression, a certain kill-the-umpire impulse. . . . People are looking at them and saying, come off it. This period of moral prestige has kind of ended."

Now *that's* anti-Semitism. The case of Buchanan is far more problematic. He does not speak of cutting the Jews down to size, or of being sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust. If he has expressed negative sentiments about Jews in the past, they are not quite the crude ones vented by his colleague from *National Review*.

Such distinctions have largely been lost in the dustup that started with A. M. Rosenthal's *J'accuse* in *The New York Times* of September 14. Focusing on a remark made on "The McLaughlin Group" that the only two groups beating the drums for war in the Middle East were "the Israeli Defense Ministry and its amen corner in the United States," Rosenthal charged Buchanan with the "blood libel" that "Jews are not like us but are others, with alien loyalties for which they will sacrifice the lives of Americans." Rosenthal's column was hyperbolic and unsubstantiated. The charge of dual loyalty—arguably implied by Buchanan's off-the-cuff remark about the amen corner—is far from the fanatical hatred of Jews connoted by the term blood libel, literally the accusation that the blood of Christian children is used to make matzoh.

Most of those who know Buchanan—including ideological antagonists—find it hard to countenance the charge of anti-Semitism. They point out that he shows no sign of rancor toward Jews in his personal or professional life. They also caution against using the label anti-Semite lightly, especially in connection with views about the Middle East. If Buchanan's strong words about the Israeli lobby convict him of anti-Semitism, what term is left to describe Louis Farrakhan or David Duke? Those who argue for the prosecution, on the other hand, point to evidence that Rosenthal lazily skated over: Buchanan's repeated claim that accused Nazi war criminals are victims of a KGB frame-up, his endorsement of some of the claims of Holocaust revisionists, and a series of intemperate remarks about Jewish influence and Jewish power.

This argument becomes a kind of semantic quibble: depending on how you define anti-Semitism, Buchanan's comment that Jewish demands for Catholic sensitivity about the Holocaust were "becoming a joke" may or may not qualify. There's no blood test for this condition. The trouble with the focus on the definitional question is that it ignores the substance of Buchanan's ideas, implying that anti-Semitism is merely the defect of an otherwise reasonable person. In fact, Buchanan's entire worldview is deeply disturbing. His instincts are powerfully authoritarian and anti-democratic, and, in a distinct sense, fascistic. A conspiratorial frame of mind and a misguided sense of loyalty lead Buchanan to view

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the world in terms of eternal struggles between Catholics and Jews, conservatives and liberals, anti-Communists and Communists, Americans and anti-Americans. These opinions should be cause for alarm, whether the person who holds them is anti-Semitic or not.

Buchanan's politics has its roots in the 1930s isolationism of Father Charles E. Coughlin and Charles A. Lindbergh. The hallmarks of this tradition are a fierce and unselective anti-communism, an animosity toward Britain, and an eccentric obsession with the menace of "Jewish internationalism." Buchanan's earliest syndicated columns echo these obsessions. In 1975 he attacked the infamous United Nations resolution equating Zionism with racism. But he laid some of the blame at the door of "Western intellectuals and internationalists, many of them Jews." The fault was partly theirs, he wrote, because Jews supported the idea of the U.N. in the first place. Attempting to draw out this supposed irony in another piece, he blasted "the American intelligentsia, a significant slice of which is Jewish and avidly pro-Israel." This echoes Coughlin, in whose lexicon "intellectual" and "internationalist" were not only cusswords but also synonyms both for Jews and for secular liberals.

PAT BUCHANAN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Buchanan absorbed this view while being "raised Catholic," as he puts it, in Washington in the 1940s and '50s. "My father's sympathies had been with the isolationists, with Charles Lindbergh and the America First Committee," Buchanan writes in the first chapter of his 1988 autobiography, *Right from the Beginning*. By the time he had reached political consciousness, he identified with his father's heroes: Franco, Douglas MacArthur, and Joe McCarthy.

What the Buchanans admired about these men was their pugnacity and their loyalty to their causes. Patrick's father taught his sons to fight and encouraged them to do so. The boys were beaten if they didn't practice "hitting the bag" often enough. "Whenever we were arrested for fighting or came home bloodied, we were not punished by my parents, so long as we had fought fairly. Pop was usually more interested in how well we had done," Buchanan writes. Much of his memoir is a gleeful recounting of brawls, including ones in which he and his brother Hank ganged up on single victims, or "sucker punched" guys who deserved it. The book is suffused with a thug's love for combat, which metamorphosed into verbal violence sometime after Buchanan graduated from Georgetown, a year late as a result of mixing it up with two policemen trying to give him a ticket. McCarthy, Buchanan writes, "was cheered because for four years he was daily kicking the living hell out of people most Americans concluded ought to have the living hell kicked out of them."

Not turning "chicken" even when you're getting whipped is the surpassing virtue for Buchanan: "Whether Nixon was wrong was not the relevant issue. Even if he had booted it, he had a right to be defended; his friends had a duty to be there." In 1986 Buchanan denounced Reagan supporters who were "heading for the tall grass" because of Iran-contra. This sense of loyalty as an absolute value, transferred to matters of faith, accounts for some of the statements that have most offended Jews. In 1988 Buchanan portrayed the dispute over the Carmelite nuns at Auschwitz as a rumble between rival gangs:

> If U.S. Jewry takes the clucking appeasement of the Catholic cardinalate as indicative of our submission, it is mistaken. When Cardinal O'Connor of New York seeks to soothe the always irate Elie Wiesel by reassuring him, "there are many Catholics who are anti-Semitic . . . it's deep within them," when he declares this "is not a fight between Catholics and Jews," he speaks for himself. Be not afraid, Your Eminence; just step aside, there are bishops and priests ready to assume the role of defender of the faith.

To Buchanan, any criticism of Catholics is an attack on all Catholics. When it comes from a Jew, it occasions battle between all Catholics and all Jews. As reason for turning against Israel he cites, in his response to Rosen-

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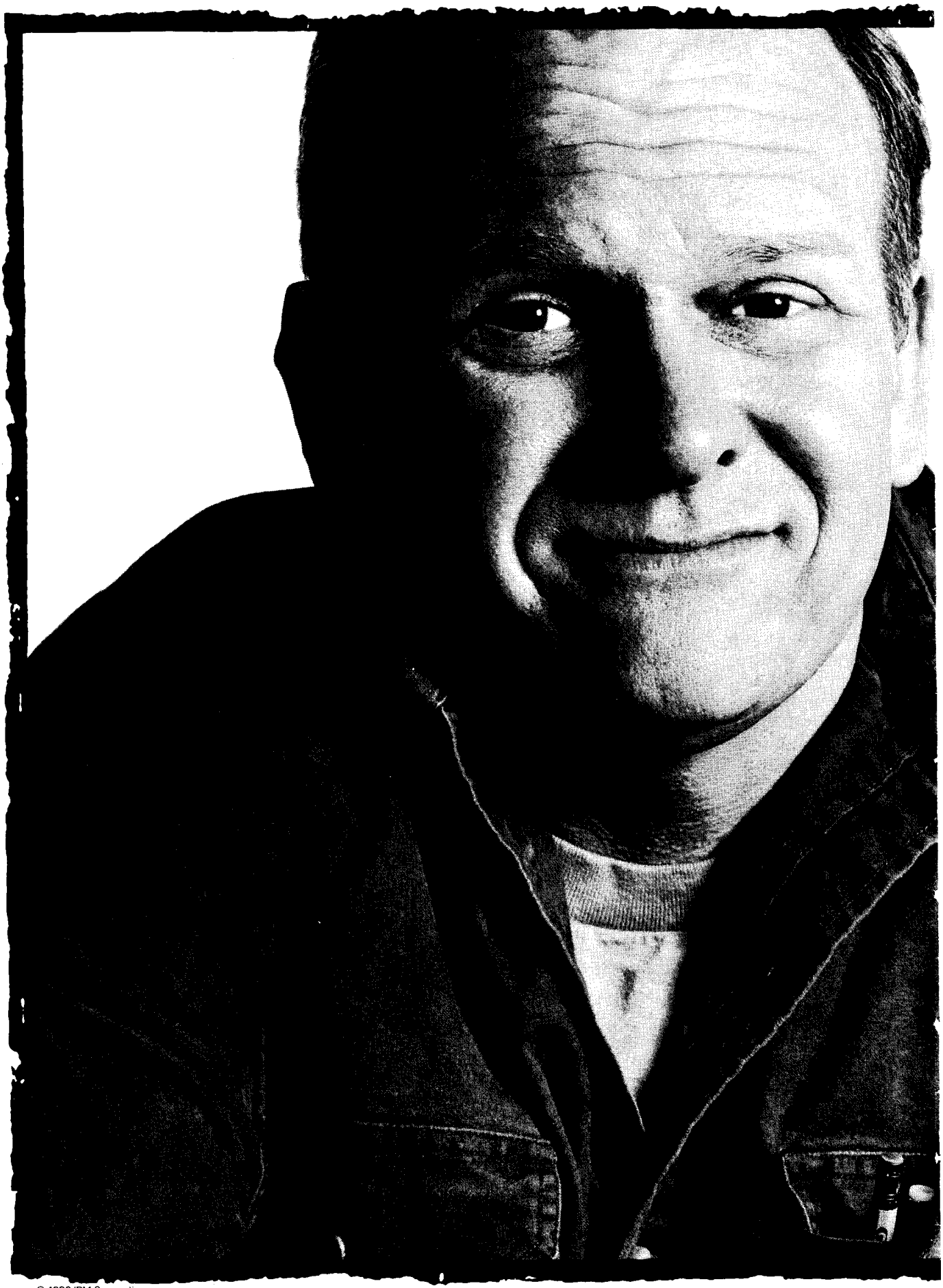

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thal, "the caustic, cutting cracks about my church and my popes from both Israel and its amen corner in the United States." Instead of distinguishing the individuals who make such attacks, he lashes out at their collective identity.

On "The McLaughlin Group," a week after the attack, Buchanan described "a preplanned, orchestrated smear campaign against me. They're calling names of any editor around the country now. They say, 'If you carry Buchanan, we're going to call you the same thing.' " When I asked him for evidence of an orchestrated effort, Buchanan responded: "The ADL has sent out bulletins on me. There are little fact sheets they sent to all the newspapers right away. A friend called me from Chicago—there was an ADL meeting in Chicago to denounce me. Somebody is keeping a big, long, serious file on me." A couple of days after I interviewed him, Buchanan faxed me an article from AIPAC's *Near East Report*, which recommends lobbying editors to replace Buchanan's column with that of a conservative alternative like George Will. AIPAC's idiotic request almost lends credence to Buchanan's paranoia. But his evidence still fails to support the claim that Rosenthal's column was the beginning of a premeditated, centrally planned effort to silence him.

To quote Sobran again: "All of this stuff blends in his mind when it comes from the other side of the fence. All he knows is that someone threw a tomato, and he throws it back." And Irving Kristol says: "I am convinced that Pat Buchanan sincerely believes that he is not an anti-Semite. But he seems not to understand the difference between being critical of Jews and expressing hostility to Jews. He therefore fails to appreciate that some of his remarks about Jews are of a kind that only an anti-Semite would make. As an experienced journalist, he ought to know better."

The strongest element in the case against Buchanan is his ostensible affection for fascism. Even posthumously, he defends the Falangist strain of Franco the "soldier-patriot" and Salazar of Portugal. On the German variety, Buchanan's attitude is more equivocal. In 1977 he wrote:

> Though Hitler was indeed racist and anti-Semitic to the core, a man who without compunction could commit murder and genocide, he was also an individual of great courage, a soldier's soldier in the Great War, a political organizer of the first rank, a leader steeped in the history of Europe, who possessed oratorical powers that could awe even those who despised him. But Hitler's success was not based on his extraordinary gifts alone. His genius was an intuitive sense of the mushiness, the character flaws, the weakness masquerading as morality that was in the hearts of the statesmen who stood in his path.

Hitler was also onto something in his criticism of Weimar—which Buchanan often compares to the United States. "Homosexuality is not a civil right," he wrote in a 1977 column urging a "thrashing" for gay groups. "Its rise almost always is accompanied, as in the Weimar Republic, with a decay of society and a collapse of its basic cinder block, the family." In another column he adds: "Midst the moral crud of the Weimar Republic, the Nazi bullies must have had a certain appeal." None of this makes Buchanan a fascist in the sense that he would want a fascist government to come to power in the United States. But it does indicate a natural identification with the use of brutal power in the service of moral and social order. Recall the slogan of Buchanan's near-presidential run in 1988: "Let the bloodbath begin."

In the 1980s Buchanan became the country's most prominent defender of accused Nazis. "Perhaps the endless search for Nazi war criminals, these endless re-enactments on stage and screen of Hitler's concentration camps, are good for the soul," he wrote in a 1983 column that criticized the U.S. government for apologizing to France for protecting Klaus Barbie. "To what end, however, is all this wallowing in the atrocities of a dead regime when there is scarcely a peep of protest over the prison camps, the labor camps, the concentration camps operating now in China and Siberia, in Cuba and Vietnam?" Around the same time, Buchanan wrote the first of many columns defending John Demjanjuk, a Cleveland auto worker accused of being Ivan the Terrible, a mass murderer at Treblinka, who has since been deported to Israel, convicted, and sentenced to hang. Buchanan called the case "an official lynching choreographed by the KGB." In championing Demjanjuk's case, Buchanan argued that the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations (OSI) was relying on Soviet disinformation to make its case against him. Buchanan supports the campaign by Eastern European émigré groups to close down OSI.

When he was Reagan's communications director in 1985, Buchanan met with supporters of Arthur Rudolph, an ex-Nazi rocket scientist accused of participating in atrocities and using slave labor. Rudolph's supporters succeeded in enlisting Buchanan in their campaign to get OSI to drop charges against Rudolph and restore his U.S. citizenship. In 1987 he lobbied Attorney General Ed Meese to stop the deportation of Karl Linnas, accused of supervising atrocities at the Tartu concentration camp in Estonia. Buchanan's investigations have led him to question received wisdom about the death camps. In a column earlier this year he wrote that 850,000 Jews could not have been killed by diesel exhaust fed into a gas chamber at Treblinka. "The problem is: diesel engines do not emit enough carbon monoxide to kill anybody. The Environmental Protection Agency never requires emission inspections of diesel cars or trucks. In 1988, ninety-seven youths, trapped 400 feet underground in a D.C. tunnel, while two locomotives spewed diesel exhaust into the car, emerged unharmed after forty-five minutes. Demjanjuk's weapon of mass murder cannot kill."

Buchanan will argue each of these cases until he and his antagonists are blue in the face. He does not say that Rudolph was innocent, merely that he deserves a hearing before Congress. As for Demjanjuk, Buchanan told

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me that the truth will be known once the Polish war archives are opened. If he's wrong, he will admit it. "But what if information comes out which shows that the whole story of Treblinka is not quite clear?" Buchanan says. "What does Allan Ryan [director of OSI] say? I persevered and I hanged a man and I destroyed his life and his family? It seems to me they've got a much worse problem than I do." Buchanan showed me documents leaked to him, purportedly from the Polish war archives, that he says prove Demjanjuk's case. He declined, however, to name the source of the information, or to allow me to take copies of the documents.

On Treblinka, Buchanan stands by his bizarre claim about the diesel engines, but refuses to discuss it on the record. Suffice it to say that he embraces a bolder debunking claim than he is yet willing to endorse in print. But there is no legitimate question about Jews being gassed at Treblinka. Carbon monoxide emitted by diesel engines is sufficient to asphyxiate people when they are crammed by the hundreds into thirteen-foot chambers. According to the *Encyclopedia of the Holocaust*, suffocation at Treblinka took as much as half an hour; Buchanan's comparison only proves that the children he describes had sufficient oxygen to survive whatever length of time they were trapped in the tunnel. Where did he get the anecdote? "Somebody sent it to me."

The anonymous sources point to a serious problem. Much of the material on which Buchanan bases his columns is sent to him by pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic cranks. Treblinka is a favorite of such types. Because the camp was destroyed and most witnesses murdered before the Allies arrived, a smaller quantity of conclusive evidence survives than from Auschwitz. The revisionist case is therefore harder to discredit.

Those peddling such claims know they can expect a hearing from Buchanan. He more or less admits this: "You don't know anybody's exact motives in some of this," he says. "But if you look at the data, and if the data is solid, regardless of their motives, I think it's fair to use it." Buchanan, who is certain that OSI has been hoodwinked by fraudulent evidence procured by the KGB, is strangely confident about his own ability to distinguish fact from forgery in the faxes of photocopies sent to him by nutty Holocaust revisionists.

All journalists rely on tips and background information gathered by partisans—I requested material from the ADL, among others, when I started researching Buchanan. But it's the responsibility of the writer to approach such evidence skeptically, and to check it out thoroughly before using it. Buchanan's evidentiary standard is lower when evidence supports what he wants to believe: that Nazis are being framed. One can respect the instinct to support underdogs who have no other defenders (although Buchanan has no such instinct when it comes to other categories of innocent victims). But in his will to believe, Buchanan has clearly allowed himself to become a conduit for those whose agenda is not just defending wrongly accused Nazis, but of defending Nazism itself as wrongly accused.

It is hard to understand what has motivated Buchanan to participate in this effort at historical mitigation. The most plausible explanation is that it has supported his worldview by further demonizing communism. If Buchanan has a hidden agenda, it seems to be to demonstrate that Stalin was worse than Hitler, to show that communism is an eternal menace, while fascism was merely a passing historical problem. "Once Hitler was dead, Hitlerism was dead. Communism, however, did not die with Lenin or Stalin. Wherever it triumphed, churches have been gutted, priests massacred, and children indoctrinated in Communist lies; the family has been subordinated to the state, and the betrayal of friends has become a matter of duty," Buchanan writes in his autobiography. Ultimately, it is his misguided version of Catholic solidarity that is at the root of his interpretation. Whatever its other crimes, fascism did not declare war upon Buchanan's church and his popes. Communism's international eclipse appears not to have prompted him to reconsider the danger it poses.

Earlier this year *The Spotlight*, the largest anti-Semitic newspaper in the country, began publishing Buchanan's column. Buchanan says he withdrew permission as soon as a friend alerted him, and that the column ran for only two weeks. In fact, *Spotlight*, which is published by Willis Carto's Liberty Lobby, ran the column for five weeks. But granting Buchanan's innocence in the matter, it is still telling that *Spotlight* would want to reprint him. The reason is not merely that he is the Clarence Darrow of ex-Nazis (though one column *Spotlight* reprinted compares the Allies' treatment of German civilians after the war to Himmler's treatment of the Jews).

The reason is that Buchanan shares the Liberty Lobby's distaste for the pluralism and democracy in the United States and around the world. Buchanan has no more sympathy for blacks than for Jews. To him Martin Luther King Jr. is not a hero, but rather "one of the most divisive men in contemporary history." Abroad, his appreciation for right-wing regimes and movements knows no limit. He has cheered not only Pinochet in Chile, but what he calls the "Boer Republic" in South Africa. He has never been interested in human rights. He writes disparagingly of "the one man, one vote Earl Warren system," and the "democratist temptation," by which he means the democratic idea. If his isn't quite the Liberty Lobby's view of the world, it's not far off.

"I'm entitled to be a heretic," Buchanan says. Indeed he is. But because he is someone who has held powerful positions in the White House under three presidents, whose columns and broadcasts reach tens of millions of people, and who still nurtures an improbable ambition to be president, his heresies demand scrutiny. And scrutiny makes it clear that Jews, blacks, and gays—and all those who see American society as more inclusive and tolerant than the Catholic Church of Pat Buchanan's childhood—are right to tremble at the thought of the crusade he would lead, and the country he would create. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Blood Money

A boy grows up in a neighborhood filled with gangsters, envying their swagger and money and power. While still very young, he takes the gangster life as his ideal, and when he matures, he achieves it. This is the frame of *The Public Enemy* (1931) and is also the frame of Martin Scorsese's new film **GoodFellas** (Warner Bros.), which purports to enlighten us about crime.

Scorsese wrote the screenplay with Nicholas Pileggi, based on Pileggi's factual book *Wiseguy* (which I haven't read). Why the film had to be based on a true story, what insight the screenplay gives us that we haven't had from numberless previous Mafia films, is hard to see. *GoodFellas* has the same initiation rites, the same intramural killings, the same attitudes toward women, the same settings in nightclubs and poker games and ludicrously vulgar homes, the same big tables laden with southern Italian food, the same scene after scene obeying an almost rigid schema. We can tick off the items as they come along.

One element distinguishes it from most of the past Mafia films—Scorsese's direction. This is not a minor element, but neither is it by now a novel or surprising one. In his earliest film of note, *Mean Streets* (1973), also about New York crime, he showed that he had high-octane drive. That drive has been much refined and diversified since then. He never commits the slightest directorial fault in *GoodFellas*, and he's now secure enough to play around a bit—effectively—with freeze-frames. But Scorsese's style, fierce as it is, doesn't accomplish what he clearly expected of it. Often, in many arts, fresh treatment can redeem familiar subjects, but it doesn't happen here. Possibly there is a limited amount of enlightenment to be found in scenes of a man being shot in the head from behind so that his blood splatters his bed, or of a man in the front seat of a car having an ice pick driven into his neck from behind, or of a huge butcher knife being shoved repeatedly into a man's chest.

Odd, but none of the rave reviews I've read of *GoodFellas* has dwelled on its violence. Doubtless these and the numerous other killings are meant to be data of the mob's business, as other businesses might collect bills. Doubtless the killings are meant to show the moral standards of Mafia society (without one moral referent outside that society). Doubtless, too, we knew all that. If there are some who didn't know those standards before the film, they'll know them very soon after it starts; yet it goes on for well over two hours.

Henry Hill, played by Ray Liotta, grows up in a heavily Italian neighborhood in Brooklyn. His mother is Sicilian, his father Irish. In 1955, when we meet him, he is just old enough to be of some pack-rat use to the Mafiosi he worships. He cuts school to do it, and when the school writes to his father about Henry's absence, the mob grabs the postman and warns him not to deliver any more mail from the school. Henry is thrilled. His fate is, happily in his view, sealed.

Henry grows up in the company of mobsters: another Irish-Italian, Jimmy Conway (Robert De Niro), Tommy De Vito (Joe Pesci), who is virtually a homicidal maniac, and the huge taciturn capo, Paul Cicero (Paul Sorvino). The mob's chief activities are numbers, protection, and hijacking freight. They live near Kennedy Airport, which is like an ever-ripe orchard to them. Drugs enter the picture in time and add money and muscle to the mob.

Henry prospers, grows up, marries, has children, keeps mistresses. All pro forma. And all speeded along by voice-overs that are—with the exception of one by his wife—Henry's, replete with satisfaction and awe. The one variation in form is that Henry marries a Jewish woman (Lorraine Bracco). The one variation in plot occurs at the end when Henry betrays what has been the chief law of his life, loyalty, and is forced to live thereafter in quite a different society.

Henry's wife is ignorant of his vocation when she marries him; when she learns the truth, she is excited by it and becomes a loyal Mafia wife (and a cocaine addict). This is the only character development in the film. Every other person is more or less the same all through the picture, behaving and speaking in the mode first set down for him, like a personage in a charade.

But Scorsese keeps it all hustling along with his agile, almost nervous camera, with an editor who is in tune with his temperament, Thelma Schoonmaker, and with the constant surge of music. Scorsese bombs us with songs, almost all of them sentimental favorites, which he uses like propellants, sweeping us along more

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Dreams. *Akira Kurosawa gives us eight episodes drawn from dreams he has had. Only four are up to his best work, but all of them connote themes from his past. (Reviewed 10/8/90)* **The Icicle Thief.** *Deft, charming Italian fantasy-comedy, mixing present-day color and 1950s black and white. Maurizio Nichetti, author-actor-director, gives current TV a too-well-deserved nudge. (10/1/90)* **Life and Nothing But.** *1920. Philippe Noiret excellent as a French officer in charge of identifying missing soldiers—who falls in love with one widow. Bertrand Tavernier directs superbly, though once again his screenplay finishes lamely. (10/15/90)* **Postcards from the Edge.** *Meryl Streep having a wonderful time, and giving us one, as a minor Hollywood star, fighting drugs, self, and mom. Mom, also an actress, played to catty perfection by Shirley MacLaine. Mike Nichols, the director, does sleight of hand. (10/8/90)* **—SK**

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forcefully sometimes than the editing. Even a film clip of Al Jolson singing "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye" serves its turn on the hit parade. (Pun intended.)

Scorsese also puts his mark on the film in other ways. He insists on physicality. We always feel close to these men (more than to the women), feel their hugs, can almost smell their after-shave lotion. He uses a familiar pattern, the strident husband-wife quarrel that ends up sexually, with good sweat and impact. And he apparently encourages ensemble improvisation among his actors. Those repeated phrases, self-interruptions, flights of connection, all sound like riffs on written dialogue. Most of the talk is, inevitably, blue. Robert Graves said that in the British army the adjective "fucking" was so common that it lost all meaning and merely signaled the approach of a noun. It's possibly more common here, but even when it's used in friendly talk, it rarely loses an overtone of aggression. This gives the friendliest talk a counterpoint of residual suspicion.

Most of the acting is, at best, facile. De Niro does absolutely nothing we haven't seen him do often before; he seems content to deliver predictable product. Sorvino, fatter than ever, hulks around. Pesci has the show part and makes the most of it, chattering away like a vicious madman, but it's the kind of performance that seems film-bred and nurtured. (Why the mob tolerates this careless shooter as long as it does is puzzling.) Bracco, who is beautiful, has the only really articulated character, and she gives the one non-facile performance: she works to find a woman. Liotta, in the leading role, is weak. His presence is watery, his face is uninteresting, his talent is at best mediocre. And I don't understand why his accent is different from the others. The De Niro character is also Irish-Italian, but he sounds like all the other men.

Lingering somewhere at the bottom of *GoodFellas* is a hint of desperation on Scorsese's part. The man who did *The Last Temptation of Christ* with such honest fervor, *The Color of Money* with such ingenuity, *Raging Bull* with such insight seems to have scrabbled for this subject—not fresh, even for him—as if he needed a success; then, once he had decided, he started to justify it.

Is this a socio-psychological study? If so, besides being trite, it drools a little in its eagerness to confront savagery. Is it a comment on America today? If so, the film itself, its very being, is the stronger comment. If so, too, its success with critics and audiences is the strongest comment. High-flying aesthetic critique and traditional Grand Guignol frisson to one side, we're left with the possibility that there's a touch of the awestruck Henry Hill in us all. •

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Robert Brustein on Theater

In the Midst of Death

Some very talented people recently gathered on the stage of Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater to celebrate the words of Samuel Beckett. The presentation—live and taped readings of selections from his plays, novels, letters, and interviews—suggested that this masterly dramatic artist, who died last year at the age of eighty-three, had been thinking about dying for most of his literary career. Beckett began writing as the poet laureate of Alzheimer's disease, of old age and paraplegia, memory loss, paralysis, apathia, and aphasia. In his later years, he was writing more about the extinction of life as a reflection of a decaying terrestrial world and the demise of the human race.

The old age of the world was also the subject of T. S. Eliot, who, at forty, was already asking (in "Ash Wednesday"), "Why should the aged eagle spread his wings?" or speaking (in "The Song of Simeon") in the character of an old man "with eighty years and no tomorrow." Such premature superannuation made Edmund Wilson impatient: "Gerontion" and "The Waste Land," he wrote, "have made the young poets old before their time." One can imagine what he would have said about Beckett, who, barely into his forties, personified himself as the aging, destitute Molloy and the even more ancient Malone, confined to his bed in what may very well be a nursing home. Eliot, along with Joyce and Proust, was one of Beckett's earliest literary models, and he is Eliot's rival for the title of wasteland prophet of the modern world. But Beckett carried the idea of disintegration to new heights (or depths). "Joyce," Beckett wrote, is "tending toward omniscience and omnipotence as an artist. I'm working on impotence, ignorance."

The ultimate impotence, however, was death, and, in retrospect, awareness and anticipation of death are the true motifs of his work. "They give birth astride a grave," he wrote in *Waiting for Godot*, "the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more." In his shortest work, *Breath*, he actualized this harrowing and beautiful perception through a single sound—the inspiration and expiration of air at the moments of birth and death. This swift flight of time's winged chariot is accompanied by a sense of its tedious progress—as in Chekhov (or in Proust), where life creeps along in an endless succession of days, yet is over in an instant. ("My life has slipped by as though I'd never lived. Ech, you good-for-nothing"—Firs in *The Cherry Orchard*.)

In *Rockaby*—powerfully reprised at the end of the Lincoln Center evening by Billie Whitelaw, the actress for whom it was written—Beckett's metaphor is further compressed and refined. Using a minimalist, reductive prose of striking musicality, the playwright sketches an old woman in a rocking chair, being whispered off to her closing labors by an offstage voice ("Time she stopped—going to and fro. . . . Till the end—close of a long day"). Then, in a shocking conclusion ("Rock her off—stuff her eyes—fuck life"), she is yanked from the edges of consciousness into the final sleep of death—rocked, as it were, out of the cradle and into the grave.

Whitelaw's legato reading of this play, coming over the audience like a caress, was the high point of the Lincoln Center celebration. Spoken from a lectern without the aid of rocker props, *Rockaby* reinforced one's belief that Beckett's plays were as appropriate to radio as to the stage. Despite his gift for generating powerful and expressive visual images (the bowler-hatted tramps near a single leafless tree in *Godot*, Nagg and Nell immersed in garbage cans in *Endgame*, Winnie buried up to her neck in the earth in *Happy Days*), Beckett's real genius was his feeling for language. Like that of the visually impaired Joyce, his imagination was basically verbal, aimed at the ear. It was, in fact, in an effort to tame his weakness for Joycean verbal splendor—"with the desire of impoverishing myself still further"—that he began to write his fiction, plays, and poetry in French. English, as he told Lawrence Harvey, "holds out the temptation to rhetoric and virtuosity." "It is easier," he added to Nicholas Gessner, "to write without style in French."

Like Hemingway's, Beckett's anti-style—simple, terse, ironic, repetitive, non-allusive, vaudevillian—soon became one of the most glorious verbal instruments in our literary orchestra. It is an instrument that can only be played by voices with the quality of good instruments themselves, which is why the Irish were among the best interpreters of the evening—Chris O'Neill thumping through *Embers* like a bass piano pedal, Barry McGovern vibrating like a cello in the lower registers in *Molloy*, the leprechaunish Jack MacGowran (on videotape) honking *The Unnameable* like a tenor saxophone, and, best of all, Patrick Magee (on videotape) rasping through *Krapp's Last Tape* like a reedy bassoon, mournful, unshaven, hovering in mute despair over the detritus of his tape-recorded memories.

Considering the importance of the vocal organs in Beckett's theater, it is not surprising that a disembodied mouth should play a solo part in one of his plays, *Not I*. In Lincoln Center's presentation of this work, the mouth belongs to Billie Whitelaw, recorded on videotape in a performance infinitely more frightening on screen than in the theater. I'm told that Beckett, reluctant to allow *Not I* on television, eventually came to believe it was the best medium for the play. Close-ups certainly enhance its power. The stationary camera, scanning the mouth as if it were some unknown planet, explores the lips, the gums, the glottis, the peripatetic tongue, giving it the look, on the Beaumont's enlarged screen, of some obscene hybrid creature, a vagina with teeth, a grotesque set of comic clackers. It is this absurd apparatus that is responsible for speech, and in Beckett's notion of purgatory, it is doomed to eternal repetition.

Beckett's ambivalent attitude toward language and style concealed a profound hoarding instinct akin to Joyce's celebrated anal eroticism, which may explain the fascination of both these writers with the excretory functions. "It's hard to go on," Beckett wrote to his publisher, Barney Rosset, "with everything loathed and repudiated before being formulated." "To write is impossible," he said in another letter, "but not yet impossible enough." Like Didi's urine in *Waiting for Godot*, Beckett's words were squeezed out painfully, one drop at a time.

The difficulty of writing made him an increasingly vigilant sentinel of his plays. He was compelled to do his own translation, he admitted, "by a foolish feeling of protectiveness toward the work." In the last years of his life, this took the form of an extremely protective feeling toward interpretations of the work as well. He successfully blocked a Comédie Française production of *Waiting for Godot* because it didn't conform exactly to the way he had conceived it. And in a highly publicized flap, he threatened a court action to stop our American Repertory Theater production of *Endgame* in 1984.

Endgame's director, JoAnne Akalaitis,

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influenced by the apocalyptic nature of the play, had set it in an abandoned subway station after a holocaust, using two black company actors in the parts of Hamm and Nagg. She also included a brief overture commissioned from Philip Glass. On the basis of hearsay (he never saw the production), Beckett protested that we had "musicalized" his play and, objecting to what he had heard about the setting and the casting, asked first that we cancel the production, then that we remove his name from the program.

We refused both demands, but the conflict was finally settled when we agreed to include a facsimile of Beckett's original stage directions in the program, accompanied by a statement from the playwright. The statement read:

> Any production of *Endgame* which ignores my stage directions is completely unacceptable to me. My play requires an empty room and two small windows. The American Repertory Theater production which dismisses my directions is a complete parody of the play as conceived by me. Anybody who cares for the work couldn't fail to be disgusted by this.

I published a reply in the same insert, filled with respect for the playwright, but emphasizing that ours was far from *Endgame*'s most radical production, and saying that plays are not etched in stone except in published form: "To threaten any deviations from a purist rendering of this or any other play—to insist on strict adherence to each parenthesis of the published text—not only robs collaborating artists of their interpretive freedom but threatens to turn the theater into a waxworks."

The controversy engendered a great deal of discussion about the supremacy of the playwright, the rights of collaborators, the difference between autographic art and allographic theater. These debates were not unhealthy, and there were persuasive arguments expressed on both sides. But it was sad that Beckett, who used to greet unorthodox versions of his work with a stoical shrug, was now instructing his licensing agents to refuse rights to any production that failed to follow his texts to the letter—demanding obedience not only to his stage directions but to virtually every pause and ellipse.

I suspect, too, that his growing interest in directing his plays was another form of protectionism, an effort to safeguard the work from "parody." On the other hand, Beckett in rehearsal frequently made changes in the texts himself, and, in the Lincoln Center production of *Godot*, he even allowed Mike Nichols (mistakenly, I thought) to turn "Macon" into "Napa" Valley. This change in reference, along with an accumulation onstage of broken automobile parts and Georgia O'Keeffe steer skulls, helped shift the abstract purgatory of the play to the concrete purgatory of California. It was, nonetheless, a welcome sign that Beckett's grasp on his work was not inflexible.

Beckett spent his last months plagued by vertigo in a nursing home, but the Richard Avedon portraits presiding over the Beaumont stage during the reading of his texts show the man as we like to remember him: healthy, lithe, vigorous, and dapper in a black suit and turtleneck sweater. His white tufted crest is fully raised above his sculpted forehead; his penetrating eyes frame his sharp eagle beak. He is gazing at us in one photo, looking down in the other, as if to say: This is my public, and this my private self. But it was Beckett's generosity to expose his private pain to public view, and to do so with grace and power. He gave a voice to what he called "the irrational state of unknowingness wherein we exist, this mental weightlessness which is beyond reason." Some people think that this was a voice of despair, that it was morbid to lavish so much artistic attention on infirmity and death. But only the greatest souls have had the courage to stare unflinchingly into the depths of the abyss. Like Lear, he gave us visionary suffering: "We that are young / Shall never see so much, nor live so long." •

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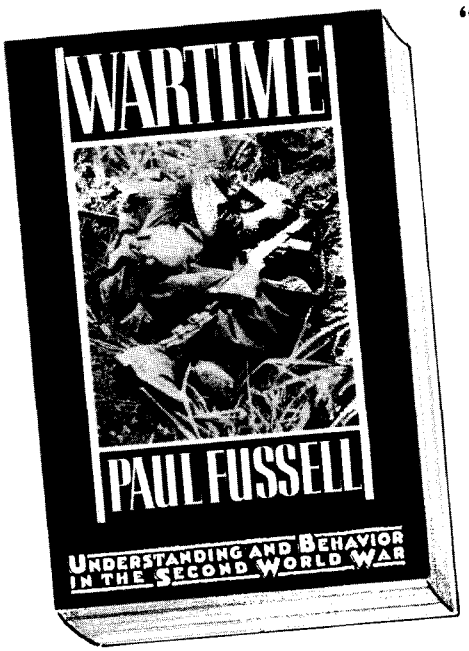

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The revisionists' failure of imagination.

How the West Was Won or Lost

BY LARRY MCMURTRY

I.

> "You've been to too many burying parties," Augustus said. "Old Wilbarger had a sense of humor. He'd laugh right out loud if he knew he had the skull of a cow buffalo for a grave marker. Probably the only man who ever went to Yale College who was buried under a buffalo skull."
>
> —*Lonesome Dove*

Immodest though it is to quote myself, I plead Yale College as an excuse. My likable cowman Wilbarger may have been the only Yale man, fictional or otherwise, to be buried beneath a buffalo skull, but he was by no means the only Yale man to involve himself vigorously and fatally in the winning (or was it the losing?) of the West. Yale is no cow college, yet it can't seem to let the West alone. Will Yale deconstruct the Old West, too? Are our myths safe for a few more years, or must we Westerners face up to living with nothing more stirring than our suburbs, now that John Wayne is dead? If the young Yale historians end up whipping the old Yale historians, we'll be lucky even to keep the suburbs.

There's a new land rush in the history departments, a new Wild Bunch thundering out of New Haven, racing through the academies, shooting out streetlights, roping barber poles, and telling everyone who will listen that the West was actually being lost while a befuddled nation thought it was being won. Well, I exaggerate about New Haven; the new Wild Bunch recruits from coast to coast, and includes quite a heterodox group of historians. Insofar as it is a group, its work on the history of the American West conforms to what the Yale-trained historian Patricia Nelson Limerick calls the "rendezvous model," her favored model for a consideration of an actually quite heterodox time and place.

Rendezvous were the annual meetings of the mountain men, to sell furs and to carouse, in the early decades of the nineteenth century. From what I've read about them, they anticipated the big (275,000 strong) Harley-lovers rally that all but did in Sturgis, South Dakota, a few months ago. What interests Limerick about the rendezvous was that it was not just a gathering of Anglo-European white males. You might have heard Russian spoken, and you would certainly have heard French, of a sort. You might have heard just about anything spoken. And you might have gotten your ear bitten off by a Samoan, a woman, a Metis, or a Blackfoot—a mutilation that carried more cachet than getting it bitten off by a white man.

These historical revisionists are scrappers, to say the least. Reading them in bulk, however, one is likely to come away feeling let down. What a fat mess the Old West was! How ruinous, how destructive, how inflated! How flimsy and how temporary its victories! Failure Studies, the new history of the West might be called. Maybe Buffalo Bill was right: winning the West was in the end just a form of entertainment, something the nation did while it was waiting for television to be invented. Bugles in the afternoon, 7th Cavalry, Custer, the Alamo, amber waves of grain, and all the rest were just brief and engaging white man's lies. Little wonder that it's only as a form of entertainment—the Western—that it now survives.

Still, as one reads through the more revisionist of these books, Limerick's particularly, anomalies do tickle the brainstem, the first one being that today's historians are still pounding away, across almost a full century, at the much-pounded figure of Frederick Jackson Turner, whose famous address, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," delivered in 1893 and variously revised, has recently been reprinted yet again. Turner, a Victorian historian from Wisconsin, is a problematic figure. My problem with him is that my eye simply flinches when it encounters his prose (though my eye, to be fair, reacts in the same way to the prose of Edmund Gosse). "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" fills only thirty-eight pages of large clear type, but it has taken me twenty years to get through it. In the case of Turner, I'm glad I stuck it out, because now I understand why the little speech continues to upset almost everyone who reads it or hears about it.

It isn't because of Turner's patient theory that prairie agrarianism was the ideal soil for democracy. Henry George had made hash of that notion twenty years before Turner gave the speech. What made "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" such an epochal event in our national life is that Turner dared to tell America, in his very first paragraph, that something was over. The frontier was over. They couldn't have any more free land.

Well, then and now, Americans *really* don't like to hear that they can't have any more—free land, in this case, but it could just as well be Jane Pauley, or anything Americans want more of. Tell them there's no more of something, and you make a lasting impression, if a bitter one. "The lights must never go out, the music must always play," as Auden put it; and if you're talking about the Old West, the white man better be holding up the scalp when the movie ends.

I remember laboring, around 1971, on a screen offering for John Wayne, James Stewart, and Henry Fonda, a bittersweet, end-of-the-West Western, in which no scalps were taken and no victories were won. The three actors were horrified, genuinely and touchingly horrified. Over? The Old West? They couldn't quite articulate it, but what they were struggling to say, I think, in response to the disturbing script that eventually became *Lonesome Dove*, was that the only point of the movies, and thus, more or less, of their lives, was that the Old West need never be over. You might as well say that America could be over, a notion so high-concept as to be, at the time, unthinkable, or at least unproduceable.

II.

Patricia Limerick has received much the most attention of the score or so of active revisionists, and for several good reasons, the simplest being that she is a good deal more readable than most of the rest of them. She's a lively writer, she can be funny, and her case studies in the darker side of the West are clear and admirably succinct. Far too many Western historians drone on like the honeybee. Also, Limerick has something like an idée fixe.

It is that our westward expansion was a mosaic of failure, financial and personal, but also, in the largest sense, moral. The expansion was, specifically, an irresponsible white male's adventure, hugely destructive of the land itself, of the native peoples, and even of the white male's own women and children. In Limerick's

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view, the dominant school of American historians—the Triumphalists, we might call them—have painted over these failures and gone blandly on proclaiming the whole westward movement, from Daniel Boone to the Turner speech, from Lewis and Clark to Wounded Knee, a smashing and unblemished success.

The Triumphalist text that Limerick uses to clinch her point—she quotes it frequently—is one sentence in the fifth edition (1982) of a widely used textbook called *Westward Expansion*, edited by Ray Allen Billington and Martin Ridge. Here's the sentence: "The history of the American West is, almost by definition, a triumphal narrative, for it traces a virtually unbroken chain of successes in national expansion." Limerick has spent fruitful years destroying that sentence. In *The Legacy of Conquest: The Unbroken Past of the American West* (1987), Limerick ably demonstrates that westward expansion was anything but an unbroken chain of successes. She also argues, less persuasively, that the problems that plagued the West in the nineteenth century are, in essence, all there in the twentieth century as well. Her summary:

> In the second half of the twentieth century, every major issue from "frontier" history reappeared in the courts or the Congress. Struggles over Indian resources and tribal autonomy; troubled relations with Mexico; controversy over the origins of Mormonism; conflicts over water allocation; another farm crisis; a drastic swing downward in the boom/bust cycles of oil, copper, and timber; continued heavy migration to some parts of the West, with all the familiar problems of adjusting to growth and sorting out power between natives and newcomers; disputes over the use of the public lands; a determined retreat on federal spending in the West: all these issues were back on the streets and looking for trouble.

Fair enough, but I'm not sure the similarities really outweigh the differences. Then we had Indian wars; now we have an Indian remnant. Then we had a war with Mexico, and took a hunk of it; now we have "troubled relations with Mexico." Then half of the continent was still unspoiled; now it isn't. It's understandable that historians would be intrigued with continuity and change, and it's interesting to pick threads of the past from the fabric of the present. Still, a Western pioneer in the nineteenth century and a Western suburbanite in the twentieth century have had profoundly different realities to contend with, and the fact that the problems of the latter stem from the behavior of the former shouldn't be allowed to blur the difference.

But back to the sentence in the textbook, and to the revisionist criticism of Western historiography. Mightn't there be a little old-fashioned Western overstatement in the criticism? Couldn't the sentence be foolish, rather than pivotal? Does it really bear the weight of consensus that Limerick claims for it? Have American historians really overlooked completely the obvious horrors of conquest or the perfectly plain missteps and inequities that occurred along the way? Or could it be that these few inert words in a textbook were the catalyst for a post-Vietnam, post-civil-rights movement, post-American innocence assessment of the long westering movement of the American people?

I raise the question because the first thing that strikes one about the historical revisionism about the West is its post-ness. The second thing is its influence, and it does seem that the two things are linked: the influence appears to derive from the post-ness. The fact is that American readers have been told these messy truths about the West before, and by abler historians than most of the revisionists. They have been told them, indeed, by historians with a deeper sense of the tragic nature of the Western story than the revisionists possess. Those historians wrote, however, before any, or many, Americans were ready to receive bad news from out West. It is impossible to impress a people with truths that they aren't ready to hear, much less to accept.

But attitudes can change, and to some extent the American attitude about America has changed. Conquest, once a national habit, almost a national ideal, is now despised. Old, brutal, masculine American confidence has been replaced (at least among historians) by a new, open, feminine American self-doubt—a moral doubt, the sort that can produce a malaise of the spirit, perhaps the very malaise that Jimmy Carter was decrying even as it sucked him under.

Now that the infant, Doubt, is with us, it's only to be expected that historians would begin a reordering of priorities and emphases. A profession that once mainly concerned itself with national heroes and their actions now prefers to pay some attention to victims. There is no shortage of victims out West: you have the native peoples (destroyed), the migrant poor (degraded), the landscape (damaged, mangled, eroded, stripped), the women and children (brutalized, exploited), the national ideals (tarnished). Also requiring attention are the hundreds of business ventures that went under in the Old West—some swiftly, others after lingering trauma for peoples

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by Glenda Riley
University Press of Kansas (1988), 292 pp., $25, $12.95 paper

Cannery Women, Cannery Lives: Mexican Women, Unionization, and the California Food Processing Industry, 1930-1950
by Vicki L. Ruiz
University of New Mexico Press (1987), 212 pp., $12.95 paper

The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy
by Kirkpatrick Sale
Knopf (1990), 453 pp., $24.95

Far From Home: Families of the Westward Journey
by Lillian Schlissel, et al.
Schocken (1989), 288 pp., $19.95

Western Women: Their Land, Their Lives
edited by Lillian Schlissel, et al.
University of New Mexico Press (1988), 360 pp., $27.50, $14.95 paper

Cowboys of the Americas
by Richard W. Slatta
Yale University Press (1990), 306 pp., $35

Beyond the Mythic West
by Stewart L. Udall, et al.
Gibbs Smith (1990), 176 pp., $29.95

Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur Trade Society, 1670-1870
by Sylvia Van Kirk
University of Oklahoma Press (1983), 301 pp., $22.95, $11.95 paper

Dust Bowl: The Southern Plains in the 1930s
by Donald Worster
Oxford University Press (1982), 277 pp., $9.95 paper

Rivers of Empire: Water, Aridity, and the Growth of the American West
by Donald Worster
Pantheon (1985), 402 pp., $12.95 paper

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and regions—but these are lesser concerns, mainly illustrative of the moral limitations of naked greed. Writing about business failures has certain built-in dramatic pitfalls, the chief one being that people love to read about booms but immediately yawn when asked to read about busts. Booms are fun: the briefly rich try so gallantly to extend the small reach of human extravagance that they tend to lead the eye away from the lapsarian nature of it all.

III.

The reading lists appended to this essay contain thirty-two books, sixteen more or less new and seventeen more or less old. Not all of the new books are by revisionists; William H. Goetzmann certainly, and several others probably, would reject the label. Conversely, and this is not something you would learn from the breathless revisionists, many of the old books contain sober perspectives or dour analyses that are quite compatible with what the revisionists are saying.

A good case in point is Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth*, published in 1950, and an influential book in my own graduate school days. *Virgin Land* examined the history of westward expansion, and the texts produced by it, in simple pre-structuralist language. It focused on image, metaphor, and symbol, mining dime novels and travel narratives for the glittering metaphorical nuggets they contained. Smith was a more than capable historian, as well as a literary scholar. The dominant myth leading people west might be the myth of the Garden, he observed, but the actual West was mainly semi-arid plain, mountain, or desert: a capricious Garden at best.

Smith's fine chapter on the "Failure of the Agrarian Utopia" anticipated a number of the revisionists' arguments. He also pointed out that others, particularly the brilliant Henry George, had noted a full seventy-five years earlier that the government's policy of land distribution encouraged monopolies of land and capital that actually worked against agrarian democracy—just as the revisionists now emphasize. In *Our Land and Land Policy, National and State* (1871), George analyzed the tendency to land concentration that everyone now deplores (not least because the concentrations will probably fall into the hands of Japanese or Germans).

In the process of being smart and thorough in guiding us through the Garden that confused its gardeners, Smith also provided as acute a rejoinder to the Turner thesis as I've seen to this day.

THE OLD HISTORY

We Pointed Them North
by Teddy Blue Abott
and Helena Huntington Smith
Farrar and Rinehart (1939)

Sky Determines:
An Interpretation of the Southwest
by Ross Calvin
Macmillan (1934)

Son of the Morning Star
by Evan S. Connell
North Point Press (1984)

The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic
by Angie Debo
University of Oklahoma Press (1934)

The Road to Disappearance
by Angie Debo
University of Oklahoma Press (1941)

Geronimo: The Man, His Time, His Place
by Angie Debo
University of Oklahoma Press (1976)

Exploration and Empire: The Explorer and the Scientist in the Winning of the American West
by William H. Goetzmann
Knopf (1966)

Charles Goodnight: Cowman and Plainsman
by J. Evetts Haley
Houghton Mifflin (1936)

The Trail Drivers of Texas
edited by J. Marvin Hunter
Jackson Co. (1920)

Turner, Bolton, and Webb:
Three Historians of the American Frontier
by Wilbur R. Jacobs, et al.
University of Washington Press (1965)

The Comanche Barrier to South Plains Settlement: A Century and a Half of Savage Resistance to the Advancing White Frontier
by Rupert Norval Richardson
A. H. Clark and Co. (1933)

Virgin Land:
The American West as Symbol and Myth
by Henry Nash Smith
Harvard University Press (1950)

The American Cowboy
by Lonn Taylor and Ingrid Maar
Library of Congress (1983)

"The Significance of the Frontier
in American History"
by Frederick Jackson Turner
An address delivered in 1893, variously
revised and reprinted

The Plains Across: The Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West, 1840-1860
by John D. Unruh
University of Illinois Press (1979)

The Great Plains
by Walter Prescott Webb
Ginn and Co. (1931)

The Great Frontier
by Walter Prescott Webb
University of Texas (1964)

Here's a bit of it:

> . . . the general course of social evolution in the United States created a grave theoretical dilemma for him [Turner]. He had based his highest value, democracy, on free land. But the westward advance of civilization had caused free land to disappear. What then was to become of democracy? The difficulty was the greater because in associating democracy with free land he had inevitably linked it with the idea of nature as a source of spiritual values. All the overtones of this conception of democracy were therefore tinged with cultural primitivism, and tended to clash with the idea of civilization. In itself, this was not necessarily a disadvantage; the conception of civilization had been invoked to justify a number of dubious undertakings in the course of the nineteenth century, including the European exploitation of native peoples all over the world. Furthermore, as we have had occasion to observe in studying the literary interpretation of the agricultural West, the theory of social progress through a uniform series of stages was poor equipment for any observer who wished to understand Western farmers. But Turner had accepted the idea of civilization as a general description of the society that had been expanding across the continent, and with the final disappearance of free land this idea was the only remaining principle with which he could undertake the analysis of contemporary American society.
>
> Since democracy for him was related to the idea of nature and seemed to have no logical relation to civilization, the conclusion implied by his system was that post-frontier America contained no force tending toward democracy.

Smith then dryly noted that Turner (safely civilized at Harvard after 1910) "turned to the rather unconvincing idea that the Midwestern universities might be able to save democracy by producing trained leaders." About that, the jury is still out.

If one puts the two reading lists side by side and stares at them, hoping that Clio will dip her wand and reveal what's really new in the new history (what is not new, I repeat, is that the cost of winning the West was high, physically and morally), the wand dips immediately at one novel development: the gender of the historians. Ten women had a hand, either as author, co-author, or editor, in the sixteen books on the new list. Only three women appear on the old list. Of those three, Ingrid Maar was the co-curator of the fine cowboy exhibition the Library of Congress mounted in 1983, and Helena Huntington Smith was the ghostwriter who helped Teddy Blue with his sparkling memoir; and the only full-fledged female historian on the old list is the remarkable (and recently deceased) Angie Debo, who lived almost a century.

Debo began her labors long before women were welcome in history depart-

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ments, or in any departments for that matter. Her work on Indian removal and dispersal, especially *The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic* (1934) and *The Road to Disappearance* (1941) (the latter a history of the Creek Confederacy and its ruin), is excellent, as is the biography of Geronimo that she delivered in 1976, when she was eighty-six. Debo had the ability, uncommon in an American historian, to deal with tragic subjects movingly but unsentimentally, with a kind of Roman measure: grief but no hair-pulling, as opposed to hair-pulling but no grief, which is what one frequently finds in books about the destruction of the American Indian.

But back to my point, which is that the women's studies wing of the American historical profession now has a powerful Western branch. This branch is busy putting women into the Western story. The more interesting specialized studies—such as Vicki L. Ruiz's *Cannery Women, Cannery Lives*, a study of Mexican women in the California food processing industry between 1930 and 1950, or Sylvia Van Kirk's *Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur Trade Society, 1670-1870*—provide much fascinating detail about how women functioned in industrial or preindustrial subcultures, and offer many examples of women's resilience, of their great competence in the face of long odds.

FAMILY PORTRAIT, ARCHER CITY, TEXAS, c. 1940

Until now, women had been represented mainly by Maureen O'Hara or Joanne Dru standing nervously on the parade ground of the fort, waiting for Captain Wayne to return from his perilous mission. All that is being smartly and appropriately redefined, as diaries, travel journals, and letters to luckier loved ones back East have begun to emerge from attics, family trunks, and (mainly) state historical societies. Most of the letters in the state historical societies have been there for a long time, as unconsulted as the women who wrote them were in their lifetimes. No more: the long-ignored writings of these many women constitute a kind of second Trail of Tears. Not that the womenfolk failed to manage bravely; but the children kept dying, and it's hard, ain't it hard, as Woody Guthrie said.

The feminist correction of Western history is, as I say, quite appropriate. To anybody familiar with the West, however, it is not exactly news. On this point I would like to append an exhibit, a photograph of my McMurtry grandmother with her two sisters-in-law, around 1940, outside the house in which I'm writing these lines. These three women came to the Texas frontier late, in the 1870s, after the Comanches were defeated and the worst was over. Between them they bore more than twenty children (it may have been closer to thirty). Look at the women. Look at the men. Enough said.

Most of these historians of the female role in Western industry or Western settlement are generally not long on theory. In the main, they are content to describe, and their descriptions are often vivid. The revisionist with plenty of theory is Donald Worster, of Needles, California, and Yale, who now teaches at the University of Kansas. In *Rivers of Empire: Water, Aridity, and the Growth of the American West*, Worster gives a respectful nod to such earlier historians as Walter Prescott Webb and Henry Nash Smith, but he is on the whole far more critical, and persuasively so, of the Western experiment. In this book he does a brilliant job of showing how water management, very early on, gave the lie to the myth of the West as a place of untrammeled freedom. According to Worster, "The American West is also more consistently, and more decisively, a land of authority and restraint, of class and exploitation, and ultimately of imperial power." He elaborates the portrait later in the book:

> The American West can best be described as a modern hydraulic society, which is to say a social order based on the intensive, large-scale manipulation of water and its products in an arid setting . . . the hydraulic society of the West is . . . increasingly a coercive, monolithic, and hierarchical system, ruled by a power elite based on the ownership of capital and expertise.

Worster moves easily from a discussion of Papago irrigation methods into an analysis of Karl Wittfogel's studies of Chinese agriculture, and thence on to a more general reflection on the Frankfurt School, two of whose members, Horkheimer and Adorno, resided briefly in Pacific Palisades, in the very maw of the hydraulic society. Worster believes that history reflects nature and its fate, and that the American West, with its dynamos and irrigation canals, would have provided Horkheimer and Adorno with "as clear and illuminating a test of the cultural implications of the rule of instrumental reason and the domination of nature as any in the world." Of all the new historians, Worster is the one I felt I'd like to go back and reread, not so much for his argument as for the breadth and the interest of his historical reference. He has reflected with love, sadness, and anger not merely on the American West, but more generally on water's part in what he calls "the flow of power in history," and he tempts the reader to ponder these matters, too.

Worster's achievement notwithstanding, I keep discovering what seem like prophetic insights, about aridity and water rights, or population and agriculture, in books such as Ross Calvin's *Sky Determines* (1934) or Walter Prescott Webb's *The Great Plains* (1931). Webb, the dryland farmer turned historian, seems to me still the thinker who made the most fruitful use of Turner's frontier thesis. He was one of the first to expand it, to look at European conquest as a whole in terms of the possibilities and the limitations of frontiers in a book called *The Great Frontier*, the study of what he called a "four hundred year boom."

I suppose, then, that the root of my uneasiness with the Western revisionism generally is that the revisionists would like us to believe that they were more or less the first to notice, or at least to emphasize, how violent, how terrible, and how hard winning the West actually was. My own reading, as well as my boyhood among the old-timers, leads me to exactly the opposite conclusion: everyone noticed how hard it was. Even the young males, of several races, who were the ones most disposed to see it all as a grand adventure and a perpetual frolic, have copiously noted how quickly and how completely the fun could drain out of it.

The same state historical societies that

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are revealing the unrevealed lives of pioneer women contain even more diaries, journals, and letters of pioneer men. Even though the men know that it's not manly to complain, they do complain: it's too hot or too cold, it's too wet or too dry, the animals won't behave, the Indians are scary, the distances interminable, they're hungry, they're starving, they're sick, they're injured, they're close to being defeated, they are defeated. Goodbye Ma, give my love to my sisters. And we buried him there, on the lone prairie . . .

In fairness, Limerick frankly admits that the gritty, discouraging facts about the West have long been known and often stated. The problem, she claims, is that the Triumphalist myths continue to overwhelm the equally old survivor's facts, that the public continues to see Western triumph and ignore Western failure. It is this perception that the revisionists must correct.

In *The Conquest of Paradise*, on Columbus and his legacy, Kirkpatrick Sale nicely and provocatively describes the tremendous, often fatal shock that occurred when the first colonists met those they would soon be colonizing. The natives quickly died off, more than ninety percent of them, but the colonists died almost as quickly, and not from disease, not from starvation, just from a kind of wilderness shock. Even in cozy, fertile, forested Virginia, not that different topographically from Europe, Captain Smith's colonists, in surprising numbers, just sort of sat down, went blank, and died.

If Virginia was such a rude shock, think about the West. Better yet, go look. Follow the Santa Fe trail, follow the Oregon trail. Follow the Chisholm trail, the Texas trail, the California trail. Exit I-40 now and then and look at what can still be seen of the recently famous Route 66, which was still a fully viable trail in the days of Kerouac and Cassady. It's taken scarcely thirty years for the plains and the desert to erase Route 66. How much easier for the same plains or the same desert to erase a family, or a wagon train. The West, in the phrase of the 1960s, has always been and remains in many ways just Too Much. Little wonder that people in the wagon trains began to die before they were even out of St. Louis. The distances are daunting, and it's usually too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry.

The enduring drama of the West is still a drama of sky and land. Thousands of pioneers recorded their sense of insignificance in relation to it, and many historians have observed that the pioneers were right: they *were* insignificant in relation to it. Stuck recently in successive traffic jams, breathing successive smogs, in Denver, Phoenix, and Los Angeles, I thought, grimly, that one has to concede the Triumphalists one point: the place *did* get settled—and yet there is such a quality of impermanence in even these sprawling settlements that one can still wonder. After all, Limerick's beloved ghost towns were once thriving settlements too, and not long ago. A tornado nearly took Wichita Falls, a flood nearly took Cheyenne, and the Big Quake, patient as a grizzly, still stalks San Francisco and Los Angeles.

IV.

To understand the westward expansion, one needs not merely the explorer and the scientist, but the artist as well. From the beginning, artists were part of the enterprise—and a vital part of it, for it was the artists, rather more even than the explorers or the scientists, who ended up selling the West to the East. To the great extent that there was a West of the imagination—and *this* was the West that most Americans knew—it was the artists, not the pioneers, who created it. I have recently, in a novel involving Calamity Jane and Buffalo Bill, attempted to convey how the West became show business almost immediately. Within a year of taking the famous First Scalp for Custer (a scalp still shrouded in controversy), Buffalo Bill had his Wild West Show going, and only a decade later he was racing eight European kings around Earl's Court in a stagecoach, at Queen Victoria's Jubilee, while Indians, resting between mock battles, played pingpong behind the tents.

William H. Goetzmann, a Yale-trained historian and perhaps our principal student of the exploration of the American West, has recently, in *New Lands, New Men*, followed Webb (his distinguished predecessor in the history department at the University of Texas at Austin) backward and outward into a consideration of the exploration of the New World as a whole, and of what it meant, particularly, for science. Goetzmann's earlier, Pulitzer Prize-winning study, *Exploration and Empire: The Explorer and the Scientist in the Winning of the American West* (1967), was a rich work of history whose insights are significantly extended in *The West of the Imagination*, the art book he has produced with his son as a companion volume to a PBS television series of the same name.

Reading the Goetzmanns' book reminds one again of just how instantaneously the selling of the West got under way. The artists were right there, in lockstep with the explorers, if not a jump ahead. From Titian Peale and Samuel Seymour through Catlin, Bodmer, Miller, Kane, and the rest, the artists were painting while the explorers mapped. Nor were the writers sluggish: the beavermen had scarcely reached the headwater of the Missouri before Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving began to use the West in their writings.

Scholars have been slow to relate Western experience to the art that carried this experience home to the rest of the nation. As long ago as 1938, Robert Taft did it for photography in *Photography and the American Scene 1839-1889*. Most such attempts focus either on fiction or film, but there's so little of either that carries much significance that the attempts usually fall flat. Because Donald Worster is a student of the Dust Bowl, he has devoted a chapter to Steinbeck's sentimentalities in *The Grapes of Wrath*, but the fact that the art has been so largely ignored, by the old historians and the new, makes one all the more grateful for the Goetzmanns' impressive survey.

Still, there's a lot more to be thought, studied, and said about the relation of Western art to Western experience. Richard Avedon's recent book of portraits, *In the American West*, was greeted with howls of rage in the West because it dared to shatter the pastoral idealizations that the West believes should represent it. The most famous modern Western pastoral, of course, is Ansel Adams's "Moonrise: Hernandez, New Mexico." It's a pretty moon, all right. But it is Avedon's camera that shows you the people who might actually live in the town beneath Adams's moon, and they aren't quite as pretty. Scholarship has yet to come to grips with such dichotomies: the beautiful, amazing, chilling landscape and the people whose hearts and bodies have been broken by it.

In the debate between the Triumphalists and the Revisionists—a debate still in its early stages—Goetzmann and Limerick are the debaters with the strongest voices and the most interesting differences. For now, I think, Goetzmann has the edge, because of his crucial recognition that the winning of the West was in large measure an imaginative act. Similarly, Robert Athearn's *The Mythic West in Twentieth Century America* successfully shows the way in which the dream of the West as a place of freedom and opportunity has retained its energy virtually all the way through the twentieth century, in defiance of hugely altered conditions, and also of a huge mass of negative fact. Athearn, like Worster, is a Westerner, and can hardly awaken from the dream himself, though his book is a gallant attempt at full critical wakefulness.

As Goetzmann and Athearn under-

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stand, the winning of the West was an act based on a dream of empire dreamed by people with very different mentalities and ambitions from those historians or Westerners who may now direct a critical eye, quite fairly, at the legacy of that same dream and that same act. Failure Studies, by contrast, in their effort to have the truth finally told, often fail themselves because they so rarely do justice to the quality of imagination that constitutes part of the truth. They may be accurate about the experience, but they simplify or ignore the emotions and imaginings that impelled the Western settlers despite their experience. Explorers and pioneers of all stamps needed imagination, much as athletes need carbohydrates. Fantasy provided part of the fiber that helped them survive the severities that the land put them to.

Cross the Oklahoma panhandle on a winter's dusk and see if you can avoid a sinking of the spirit. Cross the barren Shoshone Reservation in the Wind River valley of Wyoming; cross the brutal Bridger Plateau in the same state. Cross the Staked Plains, cross the central Mojave, cross the Donner Pass in a blizzard, cross the Badlands, cross the Canyonlands, cross the Dismal River country of northern Nebraska—cross almost anyplace in the West when it is too cold, too hot, too empty, when the sand is blowing in your face or the hailstones are threatening your windshield. Cross almost any part of it in a lowering light and you may wish heartily that you were back in some civilized place like the Piazza Navonna, eating gelato and feeling cozy.

Or, if you don't want to drive, look through a hundred or so of the Lakeside Classics, the wonderful series of reprints of original narratives of exploration and settlement done by the R. R. Donnelley Company of Chicago over the last seventy-five years. In format, in editing, in the selection of texts, the Lakeside Classics are exemplary reprints, a Library of America before there was a Library of America, only they're Americana literature: they tell you, in the words of those who did it, what it was like to settle this country. You won't get a death a page, but you'll still get a huge number of deaths, and thousands of wounds of a non-terminal nature. The West killed people by the thousands: Indians, whites, Hispanics, blacks, Asians. It also broke people by the thousands, people of all races and both genders.

What you won't find much of, in the vast literature of settlement, is disappointment. People went West with such high hopes that often they were destroyed before they really had time to become disappointed. Perhaps the idea of opportunity was just too potent. While the land was open, certainly, that idea was virtually all-sustaining. Fail here, succeed there. Bust here, boom there. Drought in Texas, try Nebraska. Too hot in Kansas, try Colorado. Grazed out in Wyoming, try the Dakotas.

V.

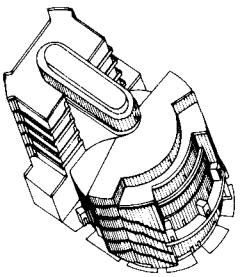
But disappointment did come. It came in the twentieth century, when the free land was gone, the people were more numerous, the opportunity was harder to spot.

Always I wondered, as a boy, at my father's tragic sense. What did he see that was so sad? We didn't have much, but we had as much as our neighbors. We even had better horses. What did he see? What he saw was that the frontier was over, just as Frederick Jackson Turner had said. The time had come to awaken from the great dream of the West. And brief it had been: from Lewis and Clark to Wounded Knee was but a long lifetime. A young cowboy going up the trail with the first Texas herds in 1866 could have also gone up the trail with the last herd around 1890, be finished with the whole glorious adventure, and still be scarcely middle-aged. Could he be happy, however, selling insurance in the suburbs?

My father and his eight brothers spent their lives in what is called the "range cattle industry," but no cattleman or cowboy I ever met regarded it as an industry, or even a job. It was a calling, as fur-trapping was a calling, or prospecting was a calling. Even ninety years ago, when my father was born, anyone smart could see that cattle weren't going to last. In the fast twentieth century, it wouldn't do just to let steers graze around on the grass until they got fat enough for suburbanites to eat; such a method was too slow, too inefficient, too capital-intensive. Ranching and cowboying and all that my father and thousands like him lived would soon end—and now it has. But not the yearning for it: in the last five years I've been asked to write introductions to no less than a dozen books of photographs of cowboys. There probably isn't a cowboy, a boot, a well-sweated glove, a dogie, a bunk house, a branding fire, or a ranch cook in America that hasn't been photographed at least once by some photographer determined to record the glory before it fades.

My father's tragic vision had a simple focus. He might have been in debt for fifty-five years, but he had not only seen the West in its fresh beauty, he had had a calling. His children, who might also be in debt for fifty-five years, would only

Did you know that



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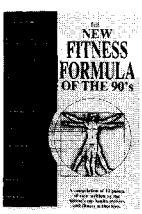

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have jobs. The Garden was lost, and not one of his children would see the wonderful country as it had once been. The difference might apply to history, too. The Triumphalists write about a West where people had callings and were sustained by them. The Revisionists see a West where people had only jobs, and crappy, environmentally destructive jobs at that.

The West produced a few irrepressible optimists, such as Custer and Cody, but the larger figures saw too clearly and too far to miss the horror and the nightmare within the dream of empire. I think particularly of the great plainsman and cattleman Charles Goodnight. When asked, near the end of his long life, whether he was a man of vision, Goodnight replied, "Yes, a hell of a vision." The great ones, such as Goodnight, were too smart: they saw the end in the beginning, saw the death and the destruction that lay between as well. Kipling would have approved of them, for they looked on triumph and disaster with the same stoic, unwavering, unsentimental eye.

They were hard to persuade, and even harder to impress. Goodnight, so far as I know, was only once moved to compliment the behavior of a human being in print. He directed that these words be carved on the gravestone of the black cowboy Bose Ikard:

> Served with me four years on the Goodnight-Loving trail, never shirked a duty or disobeyed an order, rode with me in many stampedes, participated in three engagements with the Comanches, splendid behavior.

Goodnight drove the buffalo out of Palo Duro Canyon and began the settlement of the Texas panhandle, much of which he came to own, for a time. But he was not much of a businessman, and the lawyers for his English partners soon took it away from him. He bought some buffalo and tried to breed them with Herefords, producing a wretched animal called the Herfalo. That's revisionism, with a vengeance.

Goodnight gave up on the Herfalo, but kept his buffalo. He once was persuaded to give one of them to a straggling band of Kiowas, who had slipped off their reservation and come to the only place where they might still find a buffalo, which was Goodnight's ranch. He thought they wanted to eat it. What they really wanted to do was to chase it on their skinny horses and kill it with lances, in the old way, one last time. (John Graves has a fine story, "The Last Running," based on this incident.) Goodnight watched the last running from his porch. Or at least that's the story that is still told in the Texas panhandle.

There is no finer or sadder moment with which to illustrate the Quixotism at the core of the Western story. And the Quixotism was there almost from the beginning. The very explorers who began the destruction of the Garden could not bear to admit that the Garden had been destroyed—that it could be so lost, and in only a single lifetime, that the Kiowa Indians would have to beg a buffalo from the Old Man of the Plains, a man who had fought them for fifty years and won. From Zebulon Pike to Louis L'Amour, no Westerner has wanted to think that the West of the imagination was lost. For if that West is lost, then it's all just jobs. The West of the imagination is the West upon which the revisionist Sancho Panzas now wish to shine the sober light of common day. Fair enough. Still, it might interest a few of them to read the end of *Don Quixote*, to consider what happens when the crazy old Don surrenders his fancies and lets the tough little realist have his way. •

Fearful Symmetry

BY STANISLAW BARANCZAK

Hourglass
by Danilo Kiš
translated by Ralph Manheim

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 274 pp., $22.95)

The key to this difficult novel, and to this writer's difficult art, is buried in an inconspicuous paragraph on page 187. During one of the "interrogations" that together form a large part of the novel, a "witness" is asked to describe in detail a trademark of an otherwise irrelevant brand of telephone casings. ("Telephone casings with that trademark could easily be identified on the shelves by their flimsiness and unwieldiness. . . . The trademark stamped on them was also the work of poets.") His description is this:

> The dark Bakelite surface has a white vase stamped on it, a vase or an hourglass or a chalice; but then you notice that this vase is an empty space, negative, hence an illusion, and that the only positive, that is, real thing is the two profiles turned toward each other, face-to-face as in a mirror, which delimit the vase or hourglass.

The hourglass doubling as a looking glass, its outlines a suggestion of a mirror reflection of a human face: this is the perfect emblem of Danilo Kiš's literary magic.

In art, analogies sometimes seem to offer the best way to define an artist's originality. This convenient method can be misleading, though. Before Kiš died in Paris last year at the age of only fifty-four, he was on his way to becoming, in popular critical opinion, a sort of Serbo-Croatian Jorge Luis Borges: since the educated consumer of contemporary culture more or less grasps Borges's uniqueness, the average book reviewer feels free to use Borges's name as a critical tag, and so it became a firm point of reference against which Kiš's uniqueness may be better understood. But the analogy merely scratches the surface; it never reaches the respective historical and personal experiences underlying each of these writers' imaginary worlds.

If one is to invoke Kiš's affinities, the more telling one is to Bruno Schulz. It seemed exceptionally fitting last February in New York that a prize named for Schulz was awarded posthumously to Kiš. He deserved it not just as a "foreign writer under-recognized in the United States," but also, I'm tempted to say, as Schulz's South Slavic mirror image. They are, in a sense, partners in a dialogue conducted from two sides of the violently upturned hourglass of Central Europe's calamitous history, and multiethnic geography, in our century. Their commonality lies not only in the striking similarities that have already been underscored by Kiš's critics, such as their shared, mixed cultural identity as Jewish inhabitants of the former Austro-Hungarian empire; or in the role that the half-realistic, half-symbolic figure of the father plays in their fictional worlds; or in their general way, as Schulz once put it, of "mythologizing reality"; or even in their shared fascination with hourglasses. (*Sanatorium under the Sign of the Hourglass* was the title of one of the two collections of short stories that Schulz managed to publish before his murder in 1942.)

There are many more invisible threads connecting the works of these two au-

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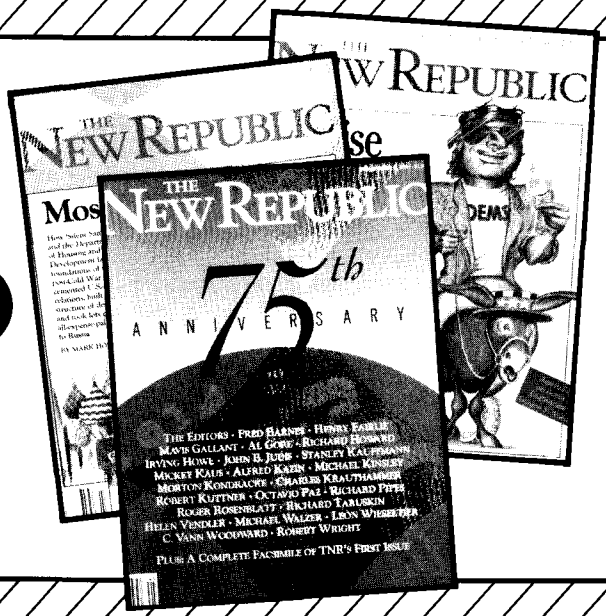

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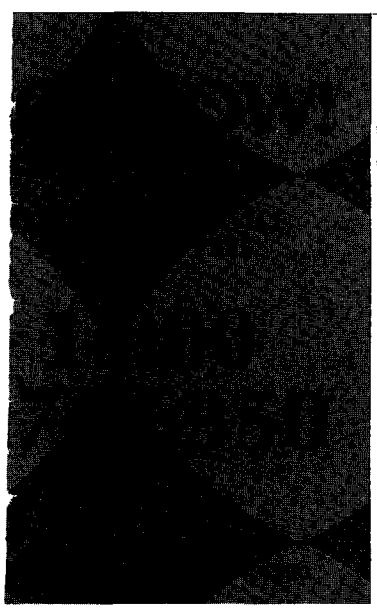

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thors. To grasp the nature of the connection, it is enough to read the first story in *The Encyclopedia of the Dead*, Kiš's previous book published in English. (It was, in fact, his last book, written after *Hourglass*.) The story is about one Simon Magus, who preaches "that the God of the Apostles is a tyrant" who "abominates mankind." In order to prove to his opponents that Christ's miracles were "no proof of righteousness" but served rather to deceive the gullible folk, Simon attempts to fly up into the sky. He flaps his arms, pushes off the ground with both legs, and indeed manages to take off and vanish in the clouds.

For readers of Schulz, this image cannot fail to bring back the famous ending of one of his short stories, in which the narrator's father ascends into the vast expanse of the autumn sky. I hope I'm not trying to make something out of nothing by saying that this shared motif may serve as another emblem for both writers' conceptions of their art. If the modern writer is today's equal of Simon Magus, he is indeed able—on the sheer strength of his imagination—to defy the law of gravity, indeed any law that governs the universe, including perhaps the most obstinate among them, the law of the irreversibility of time.

But that kind of "magical imagination" is hardly unique to Schulz and Kiš. What links them, more precisely, is the recognition that the unbridled imagination of the artist has a dark and ominous side. The demiurgic possibilities of the creative mind may lead to disaster as well as to triumph. Consider what happens next to Kiš's Simon Magus: he does ascend, but finally he crashes to the ground. A miracle may happen, then, but its consequences may be far from miraculous.

Kiš would not have been Kiš, however, if the ascension and the downfall of his hero were not immediately countered with their mirrorlike opposites. In his book, the story of Simon's supposed miracle is told in two versions. The other version speaks not of Simon's ascension to the sky, but of his descent beneath the ground: he asks to be buried alive so that he may stage his own resurrection. When his disciples dig up the coffin, there's only a decayed corpse in it. Simon's return to the surface of the ground, like his crash into it in the story's first version, brings the magical tale to a realistic end. And just as Simon's downfall and exhumation form mirrored opposites that meet on the surface of the ground, Kiš's magic finds its reflection in his realism. He never really leaves the ground of human experience.

Kiš is a poet—I use the word deliberately—a poet of mirrors, symmetries, and reflections, especially those that delude us by the appearance of similarity and turn out to be the exact opposite of the reflected object. These may not be mirrors in a literal sense, or even mirrors endowed with some magical power, such as the one in his story "The Mirror of the Unknown," in which characters are able to see reflections of events occurring across space and time. They may be mirrorlike opposites in a broader sense, extending to the basic principles of the plot's construction. In Kiš's story "The Book of Kings and Fools," this principle has been employed to show how a political pamphlet, an anti-totalitarian prophecy written by a certain Frenchman in the nineteenth century, found its oddly reversed reflection half a century later in "The Protocol of the Elders of Zion," the book that paved the way, perhaps more than any other book, for the progress of totalitarian thinking.

Hourglass, Kiš's fourth book made available in this country (after *Garden, Ashes*; *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich*; and *The Encyclopedia of the Dead*), is his most perfect work, in which the all-pervading mirror motif serves the purposes of the story and shapes the way it is narrated. The motif is found on every level of the novel's structure, from minuscule realistic details (when the protagonist begins to write a letter, for instance, he uses a scrap of newsprint as blotting paper, on which "the opening words of a letter appear as in a mirror, as in Hebrew") to the larger segments of the plot (when he remembers being attacked by a pack of wild dogs, his imagination almost automatically reverses its perspective and he sees himself reflected in the eyes of a dog). Moreover, the entire narrative arrangement of *Hourglass* makes one think of two confronted, mirrorlike profiles: the novel's story is told in a highly indirect manner, mainly through the dialogue of paired characters, a witness (or suspect) on the one side and an investigator on the other.

The story, in other words, is not revealed to us in a conventional fashion. Kiš ignores the narrator's first duty, which is to tell us something specific about the characters and their actions that would help us locate them in time and space. Instead, the novel's beginning is baffling. We are forced to make our way, page after page, through an extended, unbearably detailed description of the interior of a room (in which the outline of a kerosene lamp provides the first appearance of the hourglass-mirror motif) and the behavior of a man sitting in it and preparing to write a letter. We are given no outside comment, no auxiliary information about his identity, background, or the time and the place of action, and no mention of the reason why this particular man and this particular letter may be important for the plot.

The extreme precision of the description seems to serve as a signal that the narrator himself is deprived of any previous knowledge, of any preconceived notion, any distance or perspective from which he might be able to interpret and to judge the people and the events presented. It's as if the narrator was an investigator scrutinizing photographs included in his character's files, and trying—before he risks any conclusion—to describe, in as thorough, orderly, and objective manner as humanly possible, what he sees in them. We almost see his myopic profile peering at the still pictures so closely that the distance dividing them becomes a vaselike or hourglass-like shape, the investigation's symbolic "negative."

Only after time is the reader given, one by one, sparse clues as to when and where the action takes place, and what is actually going on. This begins to happen when the investigation/narration launches into its distinctive manner, continuously shifting from one narrative mode to another. Like a real-life dossier in a criminal case, which consists not only of the investigator's re-

Videnda

Wherever you've driven us, spun from a rotary
into one historic background or another
(Revere's House, North Bridge, the authors' cemetery),
all I have focused on is two brothers
posed in front of—nearly obscuring—a battlefield,
a worn memorial. You: always defying
a guard or gravity, your face concealed
in variable expressions. Me: I'm trying
not to notice, then not to show I do.
The self-timer clicks like a disap-
proving tongue. Months, miles, the old breach
between us advances another frame. *Scenic View*
Ahead. What can it matter if, this trip,
we just forgo the Common, or Singing Beach?

Michael J. Rosen

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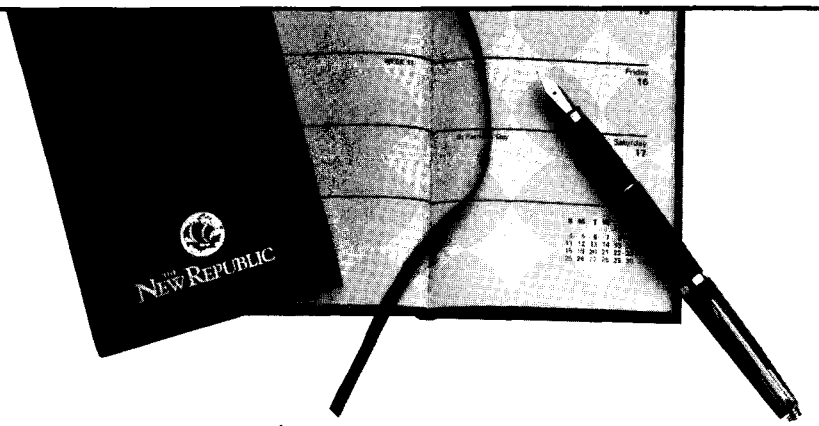
ports but also of the the suspect's own statements and the witnesses' testimonies, Kiš's descriptive "Travel Scenes" are interspersed with the first-person "Notes of a Madman" (supposedly excerpts from the man's diary), and the dialogic parts called "Criminal Investigation" and "A Witness Interrogated." Gradually, an increasingly detailed portrait of the man (also called the "letter writer") and his case begins to emerge—or, rather, his profile, created as a mirror reflection of his interlocutor's face and separated from it by a distance as close as the width of the interrogator's desk.

But this desk is also a writer's desk. After a while we grasp that the novel's chief investigator is, in fact, the author himself. What's more, the witness/suspect he grills is none other than his own late father. That is why the profiles can be each other's nearly identical reflection. This truth is revealed painful bit by painful bit, as seemingly innocuous details accumulate. We learn that the letter writer's initials are E. S. (which, to a reader familiar with Kiš, is an immediate reference to Edward Sam, the protagonist of his earlier novel *Garden, Ashes*); that he is a fifty-three-year-old retired railway functionary living in the area of Novi Sad (a territory ethnically Serbo-Croatian, but belonging to Hungary); that the time is 1942, and thus the territory is ruled by the pro-Nazi Horthy regime; that E. S. is Jewish, and therefore forced to wear the yellow Star of David and suffer various humiliations; that he has been reduced to destitution and now lives with his starved family on the run, with no home of his own, dependent on the mercy of his relatives and reluctant friends (who disappear one after another into the limepit of mass extermination); that, in brief, this meticulous, rationalistic, and civilized investigation takes place in the midst of the horror and the chaos of the Holocaust.

It is the background of the Holocaust that fills, with its pitch-black darkness, the narrow hourglasslike space between the profiles of the interrogated and the interrogator, providing the "negative" for the "positive" of the logic of their discourse. The final antinomy is fully revealed at the very end of the novel, where the text around which the entire investigation has revolved is quoted at last in full. It is a letter that E. S. wrote to his sister some time before his—and his entire family's—annihilation. (We learn, but only from the publisher's dust jacket, that Kiš used the text of an authentic letter written by his father.) On the letter's pages, the petty-minded meanness of his callous rela-



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tives, though disgusting to him and furiously denounced, still appears to the reader as a human "positive" next to the dehumanized "negative" of what was to happen just a few grains of sand away in history's hourglass. And the knowledge of what was to happen, present in the mind of E. S. only as premonition, but fully available to us, is the final vision that appears, unnamed, with dreadful clarity, in the mirror of Kiš's novel.

Yet comparing a work of fiction to a mirror may easily lead us astray. Stendhal's famous definition of the novel tempts us into the trap of a worn-out concept of novelistic realism as an approach supposedly based on "reflecting" the outer world. But a mirror does much more than reflect, in the simple sense of indiscriminately taking in the visible world. James Merrill, in "Mirror," expresses the complexity well. His poem is a monologue delivered by a mirror hanging for years in some living room, and the audience for this monologue is a facing window:

If ever I feel curious
As to what others endure,
Across the parlor *you* provide examples,
Wide open, sunny, of everything I am
Not. You embrace a whole world without
once caring
To set it in order. That takes thought.
Out there
Something is being picked. The red-and-
white bandannas
Go to my heart. A fine young man
Rides by on horseback. Now the door
shuts. Hester
Confides in me her first unhappiness.
This much, you see, would never have
been fitted
Together, but for me.

"You embrace a whole world without once caring/To set it in order," says Merrill's mirror to the window. "That takes thought." The same words could be addressed by the kind of fiction that Kiš represents to the kind of fiction to which we all have grown accustomed: fiction that merely reflects the world's apparent chaos "without once caring to set it in order." This sort of fiction may belong in the traditionally naturalistic, modernist, or postmodernist pigeonhole, it doesn't really matter. In it, we are given not the reflection that a mirror offers; we are presented instead with a piece of the formless world outside seen through a window, passively and indiscriminately.

As opposed to the window's randomness, the mirror offers the possibility of a conscious choice: the world's components reflected in the mirror are "being picked" (or, to be quite exact, let themselves be picked by stopping in front of the mirror). They are embraced and enclosed by the mirror's gilded frame, and a basic symmetry and correspondence between the reflection and the reflected object is established. Not least among their many virtues, Kiš and his rare breed of writers make us aware of the outdatedness and irrelevance of traditional divisions between the realistic and the "creativistic," the verisimilar and the fantastic, the historical and the metaphysical, the moral and the aesthetic. What seems to matter most today is the difference between Window Vision and Mirror Vision, the literature that merely takes in and the literature that "sets in order."

Naturally enough, Eastern Europe has had plenty of representatives of Window Vision. Their image of the world, however, like that of their Western counterparts, looks flatter and flatter as the years go by. After all the infinitely complex mess that Eastern Europe has dragged itself through since World War II, to go on maintaining that the world is inherently chaotic and nothing but chaotic is an easy, cheap attitude; it is also patently false. No wonder that it is exactly from Eastern Europe that some of the most fascinating masters of Mirror Vision in contemporary literature have originated.

Consider four examples, representing four different national literatures, four different lives, four different styles, four different generic preferences: the Polish poet (and first laureate of the Bruno Schulz Prize) Zbigniew Herbert; a Russian novelist, the late Jurij Trifonov; the Czech playwright Václav Havel; and the Serbo-Croatian fiction writer Danilo Kiš. It would be hard to gather four more different exemplars of modern literature. Trifonov, for instance, who remained essentially a traditional realist all his life, at first glance seems to have nothing in common with Kiš's far-reaching experiments. Yet it is worth forgetting the standard critical labels for a while and looking at these writers differently, to discover their underlying kinship.

What they have in common is fundamental: the shared conviction that, contrary to the appearances that we all know too well, the human world is not a realm of unequivocal randomness and chaos, it is not totally devoid of value and meaning. Herbert creates the notion of mankind's common "heritage" to which even the disinherited and the dispossessed may claim their right. Trifonov, while depicting the spiritual desolation of the Soviet Union after Stalin, never relinquishes a moralist's stance: for him, acts of good as well as evil are never isolated, "life is a system in which everything, in some mysterious way and according to some higher plan, is interlaced." Havel, seemingly a satirical mocker of the absurdity of another system, offers a similar vision of life in which "nothing that has happened can ever un-happen," in which every human act remains in the "memory of Being" and is related to the "Absolute Horizon of Being," "the only effective defense against Nothingness." Kiš creates an ethically maximalist vision of human history, in which "each individual is a star unto himself, everything happens always and never, all things repeat themselves ad infinitum yet are unique."

According to such a vision, the only history worthy of its name must be "the sum of human destinies, the totality of ephemeral happenings"—like the Encyclopedia of the Dead in one of his short stories, where all, even the most insignificant human beings and even the most trivial events of their lives, are included. Similarly, what E. S. writes at the end of *Hourglass* seems to comprise Kiš's own notion of what literature can aspire to be:

> If nothing else survives, perhaps my *material* herbarium or my notes or my letters will live on, and what are they but condensed, materialized idea; materialized life: a paltry, pathetic human victory over immense, eternal, divine nothingness. Or perhaps—if all else is drowned in the great flood—my madness and my dream will remain like a northern light and a distant echo. Perhaps someone will see that light or hear that distant echo, the shadow of a sound that was once, and will grasp the meaning of that light, that echo. Perhaps it will be my son, who will someday publish my notes and my herbarium of Pannonian plants (unfinished and incomplete, like all things human). But anything that survives death is a paltry, pathetic victory over the eternity of nothingness—a proof of man's greatness and Yahweh's mercy. *Non omnis moriar.*

Kiš's is the art of mirror reflections, echoes and shadows—correspondences and symmetries in which man discovers the hidden meaning of the universe. And, as in the cases of Herbert, Trifonov, and Havel, Kiš's Mirror Vision boils down to the sense of responsibility. A mirror, unlike a passive, open window, establishes a basic relationship between the reflected and its reflection; and where a relationship emerges, chaos may not immediately end, but responsibility immediately begins.

Here we encounter the most striking paradox about writers like Kiš. They may appear to the conventionally trained eye as cultivators of the gratuitous pleasures of imagining and writing, as pure aesthetes lost in their galleries of mirrors. But it is precisely those galleries of mirrors that trouble their consciences with

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multiplied images of the suffering human face. This inspires in them a highly developed ethics of responsibility. It also gives them metaphysical depths: their mirrors, like the mirror in Merrill's poem, not only realize the existence of this world (which waits to be reflected in them), but also the existence of "the other side," "a faceless will" of a higher order that constantly lurks behind them. Merrill's mirror says:

I suspect
Looks from behind, where nothing is, cool gazes
Through the blind flaws of my mind
. . . and to a faceless will,
Echo of mine, I am amenable.

The same could be said by the narrator of Kiš's novels and stories, that mosaic of mirrors in which we see our human world in miniature. The miniaturized reflection in his work may seem, as images in concave mirrors do, to be somewhat detached in its condensed precision, coldly distant from our own experiences. But in truth a warning should be printed on the cover of each of Kiš's books, the same warning that appears on the side-view mirrors of our cars: "OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR."

STANISLAW BARANCZAK is the author of *Breathing Under Water and Other East European Essays* (Harvard University Press).

No Common Ground

BY AMY GUTMANN

Abortion: The Clash of Absolutes by Laurence H. Tribe

(W. W. Norton, 270 pp., $19.95)

Silence is not golden in politics. When public officials avoid talking about a controversial issue, democracy suffers, along with the prospects of a reasoned resolution. One current subject that invites stonewalling, of course, is abortion. Rarely have so many public officials worked so hard to say so little about an issue on the minds of so many citizens. All the more reason to welcome a wide-ranging book about the controversy by a brilliant scholar and teacher of constitutional law. Laurence Tribe has aimed his book not at specialists in constitutional law or moral philosophy, but at ordinary citizens looking for a way to move beyond the stalemate between the extreme pro-choice position, which claims that women have an absolute right to abortion, and the extreme pro-life position, which claims that fetuses have an absolute right to life. Tribe forcefully argues that both views are morally, legally, and politically untenable.

Plenty of Americans, however, hold fast to a position not far removed from one or the other extreme. Many pro-choice advocates believe that women have a fundamental freedom to abort all but a fully viable fetus, except in those rare cases where their reasons for abortion are frivolous. Many pro-life advocates believe that fetuses have a right to live unless their mother's life is threatened or they are the product of rape or incest. Even these importantly qualified pro-choice and pro-life positions still seem to be morally and politically irreconcilable. The conflict between them is rooted in different beliefs about whether the fetus is a person, whether the right to life extends to the obligation of women to realize the human potential of a dependent fetus, and whether women have freedom of choice with regard to their bodies even if the life of an innocent person is at stake.

Like an accomplished litigator, Tribe offers a dazzling array of arguments and approaches in an earnest attempt to resolve the case. He thinks he can overcome the underlying disagreement of principle between pro-life and pro-choice advocates and avoid any need for a moral compromise, where each side would have to settle for something at odds with the implications of its own principles. *Abortion* is by far the most comprehensive attempt to demonstrate that reasonable people, willing to consider both sides of the abortion question, should in the end accept a pro-choice position at least as liberal as that of *Roe* v. *Wade*. Anyone who shares Tribe's fundamentally pro-choice intuitions (as I do) will be rooting for him. Still, despite his heroic attempt at rational reconciliation, he fails to make the case for a pro-choice position on the basis of premises that could be acceptable to both sides.

Tribe's failure does not demonstrate that the pro-life position is stronger. It suggests, rather, that pro-life and pro-choice positions taken at their strongest, that is in their most moderated forms, are not rationally reconcilable. Tribe's failure does not prove, of course, that no one can reconcile the positions, that there is no common ground of shared values; but it is striking evidence given the array of his arguments, his intellectual acumen, and his stated commitment to impartiality.

Consider the most promising element of Tribe's case, the attempt to demonstrate that women should have a right to abortion even if the fetus is a person. Tribe's argument builds on a philosophically influential analysis of abortion advanced by Judith Jarvis Thomson, a professor of philosophy at MIT. She shows that even people who believe the fetus to be a person should acknowledge that abortion may be justified in circumstances where pregnancy is the result of forced intercourse. Thomson uses several hypothetical examples, the best-known of them being the case of an unconscious violinist with kidney failure who has been plugged into your circulatory system against your will. The violinist's survival depends on remaining plugged into you for nine months, but he does not have a right to remain attached to you if you object. The example suggests that sometimes it may be morally permissible, though not admirable, to kill an innocent person even if your own life is not at stake. The example should convince even pro-life advocates who perceive the fetus to be a full-fledged person that it is not obviously unjust for women who become pregnant through no fault of their own (e.g., by rape or incest) to be legally free to obtain abortions.

Thomson's analysis succeeds in narrowing the range of disagreement between pro-choice and pro-life advocates, but the political distance remaining is still great. In the vast majority of cases in which women seek abortions, pregnancy is not the result of force. Tribe tries to avoid this implication of Thomson's analysis by downplaying the significance of a critical premise of her analysis—that the fetus's connection to the woman is a product of non-consensual intercourse. Tribe suggests that even if intercourse is consensual, women should not be forced to be Good Samaritans, or be asked to bear all the burdens of a ban on abortion, or be subject to intrusive governmental scrutiny of their sexual lives.

Tribe concludes that the Supreme Court in *Roe* v. *Wade* could have said: "Even if the fetus is a person, our Constitution forbids compelling a woman to

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carry it for nine months and become a mother." But neither Thomson's analysis nor any of Tribe's supplementary arguments support this conclusion, or the still broader one (which Tribe endorses) that "to impose virtue on any person demeans that person's individual worth." The violinist example supports only the prohibition against imposing the virtue of saving a life on a person who is not at all responsible for bringing that life into being, and for whom it will be a considerable burden. Tribe's argument against imposed Good Samaritanship carries weight only with people who do not believe the fetus is a person. The arguments for spreading the burdens of an abortion ban, and for minimizing the intrusiveness of governmental action, do not rule out pro-life policies. Perhaps a stronger case can be made for the right of a woman to end a dependent human life that she was partly responsible for creating, a case based on the unequal treatment of women compared with men who are equally responsible for bringing fetuses into being. But Tribe does not successfully make the stronger case, nor has any other philosopher done so.

Thinking that the moral case has already been won for granting women the right to abort even if fetuses are persons, Tribe overestimates the common ground occupied by the pro-choice and pro-life positions. He also underestimates the moral integrity of those pro-life advocates who make exceptions for rape and incest. The most troubling element of Tribe's approach, which runs as a unifying theme throughout the book, is that while he takes pro-choice arguments at their face value, he looks for a hidden agenda in the arguments of pro-lifers, especially those who make exceptions for rape and incest.

Because those activists do not also make an exception for failure of conscientiously used birth control, Tribe suspects that their anti-abortion views "are driven less by the innocence of the fetus (which does not turn on how or why the sex occurred or the pregnancy began) than by the supposed 'guilt' of the woman." This is a counterproductive argument, if the goal is common ground. Rather than respect pro-life activists who moderate their opposition to abortion, recognizing that a woman's right not to be coerced (and to control the consequences of coercion) limits a fetus's right to life, Tribe views their failure to accept greater limits on fetal rights as evidence of a desire to punish women for consensual sexual activity.

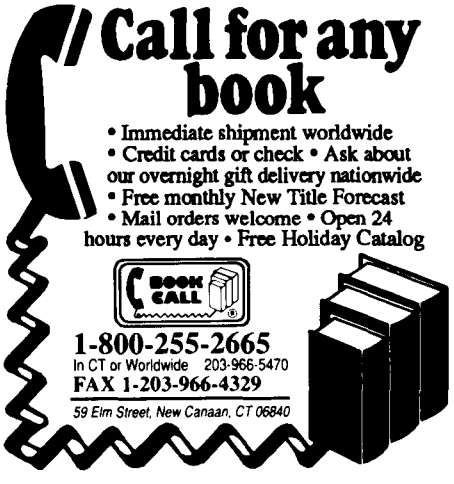
A string of bad arguments supports Tribe's suspicions. He interprets the Supreme Court's decision in *Griswold* v. *Connecticut*, to strike down a state statute that made it a crime to use contraception or to counsel someone in its use, as establishing "the right to have sex without having children," suggesting that the right to use contraception implies the right to use any means necessary to prevent or terminate pregnancy. The decision of *Roe* v. *Wade* seems to follow with simple logic, and Tribe is tempted to believe that people who support *Griswold* but oppose *Roe* have a hidden, anti-feminist social agenda.

But *Griswold* supports a significantly more limited right: the right against interference in using contraception to reduce the risk of pregnancy. Pro-life advocates who make no exceptions for faulty contraception may well believe that my freedom of choice does not extend to ending the life of an innocent person when I am partly responsible for bringing that innocent person into existence. Because Tribe and I do not believe that the fetus is a person, we can consistently support the freedom to abort when birth control (which is known to have a risk of failure) fails. Perhaps there are some promising ways of invoking equal protection—that women and men should share the burden of this failure, for example, since they share the responsibility—as a common ground upon which to moderate those pro-life positions that place the burden of childbearing solely upon women. But impugning the motives of moderate pro-life activists only invites retaliation in kind. It does not further "respectful debate."

To expand the terms of respectful debate, Tribe provides a succinct historical survey of abortion in the United States and the rest of the world, to help us "approach anew our own understanding . . . of the abortion question," and also alert us to "unspoken concerns that underlie one or another abortion policy." The historical overview does help reveal the complexity of motives and the possibilities of change in views about abortion, but Tribe's speculations about the unspoken concerns that underlie past abortion policies (such as the professional interest of American physicians in the nineteenth century to limit competition by opposing abortion) are largely beside the point. They do not help justify an abortion policy or locate common ground in the present controversy.

When Tribe turns to his constitutional defense of *Roe* v. *Wade*, it is surprising to find him relying so heavily on a right to privacy. Privacy is not a promising ground on which to justify abortion to people who believe that the fetus is a person, and it is anyway a weaker foundation for abortion rights than the liberty or autonomy of women. In the most recent edition of his *American Constitutional Law*, Tribe himself recognizes that privacy is not the best argument. The constitutional arguments he invokes to defend the *Roe* decision in *Abortion* are less discriminating, but his critique of *Roe*'s most vociferous critics is a tour de force. Tribe decisively refutes the claims of Robert Bork and other contributors to the "cottage industry" promoting judicial restraint, who attack the *Roe* majority for committing the sins of judicial activism, for illegitimately usurping democratic authority, for disregarding the intentions of the Founding Fathers, and for reading their own personal philosophy into the Constitution.

In the course of demolishing *Roe*'s harshest critics, Tribe champions its constitutional legitimacy, but he also challenges its legal wisdom in a way that recommends another kind of judicial restraint. A significant and understated contribution of his book is Tribe's demonstration that one can simultaneously defend the constitutional legitimacy of *Roe* v. *Wade* and disagree with the Court's reasoning and even its conclusions. Tribe judiciously (although inconclusively) argues that "the sensitivity of the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abortion question counseled more restraint than the Court exhibited in *Roe*." He suggests that the Court would have done better by both sides had it "simply struck down the Texas statute that prohibited abortion except to save the life of the woman, leaving the exact contours of the constitutional right to privacy for later cases that presented less intrusive abortion regulations." Although the Court was within its constitutional authority, Tribe suggests that it may have acted unwisely in delivering such a broad but incompletely reasoned and difficult-to-decipher constitutional doctrine on such a controversial issue. Tribe's analysis of *Roe* recommends a more sensible form of judicial restraint than that of the critics of judicial activism, a form rooted not in a generally applicable and comprehensive constitutional ideology of judicial restraint, but rather in a careful contextual understanding of the particular conflicts facing a court.

Tribe's final approach to abortion, an informative discussion of new contraceptive and procreative technologies, holds out the hope of transcending the conflict rather than finding common ground among its current parties. By this point in the book, it is clear that the only ground Tribe is willing to share with pro-life advocates looks a lot like the ground presently occupied by many pro-choice advocates. Tribe is troubled that his pro-choice position justifies (though it does not recommend) the destruction of fetuses. So he is attracted by the prospect of developing an artificial womb, which could separate the decision to become a mother from the decision to destroy a fetus. In separating the decision to abort a fetus from the decision to end its life, the artificial womb would offer an "end run around the current clash of absolutes."

Leaving aside the scientific question of whether fetal viability is possible much before twenty-four weeks of gestation, we still must face the moral question of whether the development and the routine use of artificial wombs would be desirable. Tribe short-circuits this question by trying to uncover discreditable attitudes of those who resist such technologies. If some people find the development of artificial wombs unappealing, might that not be because they feel that "by comparison with any technological alternative, women represent cheap 'baby machines'"? Maybe this is the crassly cost-conscious (subconscious) attitude of some people who dislike the prospect of new procreative technologies. But surely there is a more respectable source of resistance. Substituting an artificial womb for a woman's womb, one might reasonably worry, would degrade rather than honor women and the role of childbearing. The attachments that women develop during pregnancy are not merely dispensable relics of a sexist culture that values women as economical baby machines. Those attachments can be honored or denigrated, encouraged or discouraged by a society, depending on its public policies. The decisions about whether to develop (and how to use) new procreative technologies are as likely to divide our society as deeply and acrimoniously as have our decisions about legalizing and funding abortion. The social stakes may be even higher, the risks harder to predict.

Tribe's arguments will not persuade Americans with conflicting beliefs about the status of the fetus to converge in supporting *Roe* v. *Wade*. Those who consider the fetus a full-fledged person have good reason to oppose the conclusions of *Roe* v. *Wade*; and those of us who believe that the fetus is only a potential person have good reason to support its conclusions even if we take issue with its reasoning. Both sides should be prepared to defend their positions against opponents whose moral integrity is just as great as their own. The bitter battle over abortion in this country is no doubt exacerbated by hidden social agenda and faulty philosophical reasoning, but our conflicting beliefs about the status of the fetus and the value of childbearing are more than enough to keep the acrimonious battle going.

If the search for common ground fails, however, where do we stand? We may have no better alternatives these days than to look for a fair moral compromise on the abortion question out of respect for a position that we cannot ourselves accept or to live with continuing political controversy in the belief that any compromise on the abortion question is undesirable. Many fair-minded people like Tribe resist either conclusion. Their resistance is understandable. Moral compromise on a matter as basic as life or liberty cannot come easily, but a protracted political fight for a thoroughgoing pro-choice or pro-life policy against morally outraged opponents cannot be pretty. The political conviction that supports a fair compromise over an acrimonious stalemate is honorable. And it is consistent with continuing the philosophical search for a common ground.

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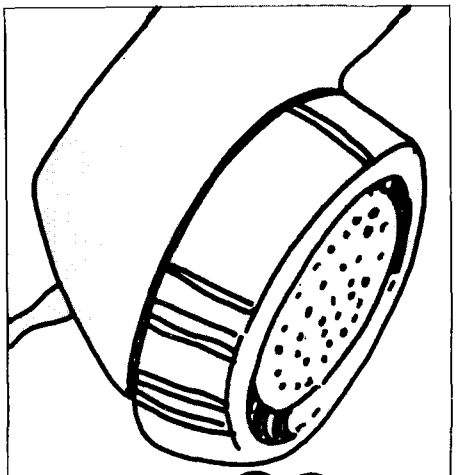

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GDANSK DIARIST

Kecz-22

"IT'S EXCITING TO BE POLISH" was a popular bumper sticker in the heyday of Solidarity. Nowadays "It's exhausting to be Polish" would be more like it. Indeed, just keeping up with Politics 101, Polish division, is practically a full-time job. In mid-September no one here knew who was going to govern Poland next year, the Parliament or the president. Nor did anyone know how and when this/these person(s) would be chosen, what powers would be bestowed on him/them, or even who or what would decide any or all of the above. In most other countries this would mean a parliamentary, constitutional, or systemic crisis. Here, with a not entirely democratically elected Parliament, a constitution mostly inherited from the Communists, and a political system still in diapers (see below), even what the crisis was actually all about was vague. So in TV studios and in bedrooms, in trams and in hair salons, the entire population was busy discussing how to solve an equation with a dozen unknowns. Finally, in the last days of September, the Parliament decided to break out of this Kecz-22 (as trendy Poles say): it changed the constitution, shortened the term of the president, called for presidential elections (in two rounds, starting November 25), and announced that sometime in the spring it will dissolve itself and hold parliamentary elections too.

EVEN BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL elections were scheduled, a candidate was in the race. Lech Walesa declared, with characteristic modesty: "Only people unsound in their minds can reject me. That's not conceit. My arguments, espoused in public, have to prevail. I'm right in everything." Earlier he had told me, "If I run, I will surely win. Mazowiecki can take, at most, 35 percent of the vote." Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki hasn't yet decided whether to run. He is waiting for the current president, Wojciech Jaruzelski, to make himself scarce. The general did not actually resign. He merely asked the Parliament to shorten his term. It's a more dignified way to go than simply waiting to get the hook. And the general is nothing if not dignified. Through his year in office he has been exceedingly discreet, and he will certainly be remembered more warmly than he would have been had he ended his political career as the enforcer of martial law and the hunter of dissidents. His latest gracious act (as seen from Poland, that is) was turning down President Bush's invitation to pay a state visit to the United States. "The situation which has evolved persuades me to abandon the visit," said the general, untyrannically. The White House answered, somewhat oleaginously, that "President Jaruzelski deserves great credit for the role he has played, together with the government of Prime Minister Mazowiecki, in working toward Poland's economic recovery and democratic consolidation," and that President Bush "looks forward to receiving President Jaruzelski at the White House in a private capacity at some time in the future." But "private capacity" means the general will have to apply for an American visa—which means he'll have to fill out a form and answer the question, "Have you ever been a member of a Communist Party?" At least until recently, a "yes" was sufficient reason for a "no."

VISAS MAY SOON BECOME AN exclusively Polish specialty, like kielbasa. As the European house undergoes extensive remodeling (taking down walls, putting in fire escapes, and so on), it is also opening its gates to the other Europe: Hungarians, Czechs, and Slovaks can travel to most Western European countries, including Germany and Austria, with their passports only. For Poles this was possible on trips to Austria until mid-September, and on trips to East Germany (and West Berlin) up to midnight on October 3. Not anymore. Now Polish travelers to Austria and Germany need visas again. Why are we so unwelcome? Because so many thousands of Polish black marketeers invaded Vienna that the city authorities couldn't cope with them. (If the Austrians were feeling any residual guilt over imposing this restriction, the Polish response—body searches of all Austrian tourists—undoubtedly cured them of it.) With Germany the situation is more complicated, and it is a byproduct of intra-German finagling. There is a lot of commerce near the Polish-German border, and by tricks too complicated for a layperson to understand, small-time Polish entrepreneurs have been contriving to sell (in Poland) future-ex-West German beer to future-ex-East Germans for less than the retail price in future-ex-West Berlin. Moreover—and more important—by reintroducing visas, reunited Germany wants to stop moonlighting Poles from taking away jobs from ex-East Germans suddenly facing unemployment.

'GASTARBEITING' IN GERMANY OFten comes up in conversations with the workers from the famous shipbuilding facility here (maiden name "Lenin Shipyard," now simply "Shipyard, Inc.") as the solution to their financial difficulties. Ten thousand workers lost their jobs in the shipyard after the Communists announced in 1988 that they were going to shut it down. For these Polish workers Germany is definitely *über alles*. Some had hoped to keep their jobs at the shipyard when Barbara Piasecka Johnson, the one-time Polish au pair turned American disposable-diaper heiress, announced in June 1989 that she would buy it. Basia (that's her Polish nickname) became chummy with Lechu (that's his), but tankers turned out to be more complicated than Pampers. The Lechu-Basia team of charismatic electrician and nouveau riche Cinderella proved impotent when facing "Lenin." "I met with political sabotage and nasty propaganda," announced Johnson, withdrawing her earlier proposal to buy 55 percent of the shares. "She can go and buy herself a castle," Olek Lokotko, a worker at the K-4 section of the yard, told me, "but hands off our shipyard!" In fact, Basia Johnson has already bought herself a castle in Poland (forty rooms including ballroom, plus *orangerie*, etc., for $350,000). Now the descendants of the last legal owner, who, a hundred years ago, "bought the castle for real money—a million rubles in gold," are suing her. Meanwhile, back at the shipyard, castles are not an immediate topic of discussion. Workers are more concerned with how the Persian Gulf crisis is ruining the oil tanker-building business.

EXCUSE MY POLONOCENTRICNESS, but given that Iraq is one of the few countries that owes Poland money and is also the Polish arms industry's best customer, the Gulf crisis is doing us more than our fair share of damage. The Central Planning Office recently disclosed that Poland's direct losses due to the crisis amount to more than $2 billion: more than $500 million lost in canceled exports to Iraq and Kuwait, and $1.7 billion down the drain on account of aborted commercial negotiations. There are other potential dangers: confiscation of the goods left by Polish enterprises, valued at $80 million, or privately owned by Polish contract workers, of which there were 8,000 in Iraq and about 500 in Kuwait. Yet some Poles see no reason to get off the gravy train just because of some stupid Sitzkrieg. As late as last week one big Polish construction company, Dromex, was still able to find eight Poles ready to return to Iraq, plus forty-two newly hired tough guys, who are generally viewed as greedy idiots. At the same time, the Polish government announced that it is sending a floating hospital to the Gulf. In other words, we ship a complete package: victims and doctors.

ANNA HUSARSKA

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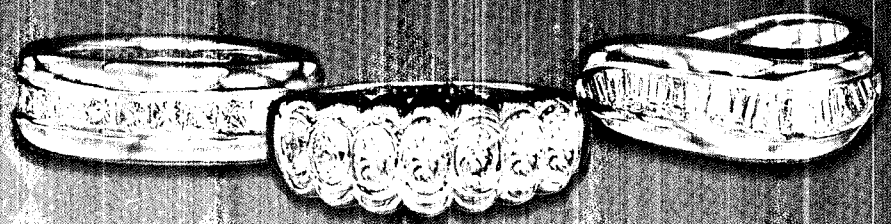

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